

# THE ATHENÆUM

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HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.  
**THE LAST GARDEN MEETING FOR THIS SEASON** will be held on Wednesday, July 11, on which occasion the Grounds of the Duke of Devonshire will, by the kind permission of His Grace the President of the Society, be open to visitors. FRUIT will be the great feature of this Exhibition.

Tickets, price 5s each, may be procured at 21, Regent-street; or at the Garden, on the day of meeting, price 7s. 6d. each.

CHISWICK HOUSE.  
**THE LAST GARDEN MEETING** of the HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY for the present Season will be held on WEDNESDAY, July 11, on which occasion His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, the President of the Society, has liberally offered the Grounds of Chiswick House to be open to visitors. FRUIT will be the great feature of this Exhibition.

Tickets, price 5s each, may be procured at 21, Regent-street; or at the Garden, on the day of meeting, price 7s. 6d. each.

GENEALOGICAL and HISTORICAL SOCIETY of GREAT BRITAIN, 18, Charles-street, St. James's.

This Society has been founded by several Noblemen and Gentlemen interested in Genealogical and Historical research for the elucidation and compilation of Family History, Lineage, and Biography, and for authenticating and illustrating the same. For Prospectus, &c. apply to the Secretary.

By order in Council,  
RYCROFT REEVE, Secretary.

ANCIENT IVORY CARVINGS.—The ARUNDEL SOCIETY is authorized to sell Fac-similes in "Fictile Ivory" (manufactured by M. Franchi) some of the most remarkable Roman, Byzantine, and Medieval Ivory Carvings preserved in English and Foreign Collections.

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JOHN NORTON, Secretary.

24, Old Bond-street, July, 1855.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.—The PROFESSORSHIP of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY in QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Cork, being about to become vacant, applications are required to forward their testimonials to the Under-Secretary of State, Dublin, on or before the 1st day of August next, in order that the same may be submitted to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

MONTI'S LECTURES on ANCIENT and MODERN SCULPTURE.—The Last of the Series, that was to have been delivered on Wednesday, July 4, in compliance with the express desire of the Subscribers HAS BEEN POSTPONED to WEDNESDAY, July 11. Tickets to be had at Messrs. CONNAIGH'S, Pall Mall East.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in AID OF THE FUND OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st days of AUGUST next.

Under the especial Patronage of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

President  
The Right Hon. LORD WILLUGHBY DE BROKE.  
Vice Presidents  
The Nobility and Gentry of the Midland Counties.  
J. F. LEDSAM, Esq. Chairman of the Committee.

BAZAR.—WALWORTH LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, end of Carter-street, Walworth, THE BAZAR, and FANCY FAIR, in aid of the New Building Fund, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, TUESDAY, JULY 17, and THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1855.—Admission, First Day, 1s.; Second and Third Days, 6d. each; or Terra Tickets throughout, 1s. 6d. each. To commence at 2 o'clock each day.

MISS POLE, having made arrangements for the reception of EIGHTY YOUNG LADIES as RESIDENT PUPILS, in addition to the Midday Pupils, is announcing that the Studies commence April 4th, at her residence, 23, Cincin, Bath, where the Plan of Study and Prospectus may be obtained.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, Soho-square.—MRS. GHOORN who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools to her Register of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES. TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL, PECKHAM, LONDON, will be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, JULY 16, Terms, 40 guineas. No extras.—For Prospectuses apply to the Principal, JOHN YEATS, F.R.G.S.

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, near STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Prospectuses may be had on application to Mr. J. S. COOPER, Principal.—The Second Session of 1855 WILL COMMENCE on the 20th of July.

THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD, Surrey, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1.—For terms for Boarders apply to the Rev. Fred. J. FAIRHEAD, M.A., Head Master, Guildford.

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH'S FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM. CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Governors being about to appoint an ASSISTANT MASTER, whose chief duty will be to examine the Composition of the Senior Classes, and the Clerical Department, will take the degree of B.A. at Oxford or Cambridge, and are desirous of becoming Candidates, are requested to send in their Applications and Testimonials to me on or before the 1st day of August next.

The Salary will be 250*s*. a year. The School is under the superintendence of the Rev. E. H. GIFFORD, the Head Master.—Further particulars may be obtained by application to me.

J. W. WHATELY, Secretary. King Edward's School, 21st June, 1855.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SEVENOAKS. Visitor, His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Trustee, The Earl Amherst. | The Viscount Holmesdale. W. Lambard, Esq. Colonel Austen. And the Two Wardens.

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For terms for Boarders and other information, address the Reverend the Head Master, at the School.

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Principal—The Rev. HENRY COTTERILL, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

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A Prospectus, with further information, may be obtained on application to the Principal; or to Michael Turner, Esq., Secretary, Brighton College, Brighton.

BRIGHTON.—EDUCATION.—There are VACANCIES in a First-class School, where only twelve young ladies (daughters of gentlemen) are received. Signori F. Lablache, Minola, Herr Kuh, Messrs. E. de Paris, Michau, and other eminent Professors, attend. A Protestant foreign Governess to nine-year-old girls. Three Girls are wanted, references to parents of pupils.—Address the Misses BERNCASTLE, II, Portland-place, Marine Parade, Brighton.

D. R. LOVELL'S SCHOOL, WINSLOW HALL, BUCKS.—THE PUPILS will RE-ASSEMBLE on the 23rd instant. All particulars about the School can be had on application to the Principal. In the last year many candidates have been fitted for the Army Examination and Matriculation at the Universities.

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TOTTENHAM LADIES' SCHOOL.—The ELMS.—The MISSES WILSON inform their Friends that the Classes will RE-ASSEMBLE on the 1st of August. Regular subjects for the next Term by the Rev. W. H. Stowell, D.D. President of Chesham College; the Rev. John Hopkins, LL.D. F.R.S. Professor in Univ. Coll. Lond.; Trevelyan Spier, Esq. LL.D. Mr. George Dibdin, Musical Director; Mr. John Bowring; Mr. E. Silas, Mr. W. H. Monk of King's Coll. Lond.; Mr. Dymond, &c.

Every particular, together with the First Set of Examination Papers, showing the successful operation of the Classes during the last two Terms, may be had on application to the MISSES WILSON, Elms, Tottenham.

HOLLY-TREE HOUSE, the BROADWAY, PLAISTOW, ESSEX.

The MISSES SMITH (late of Mornington-crescent, Regent's Park) inform their friends that their scholastic engagements will RE-COME INCE on WEDNESDAY, July 16, when they will be ready to receive new PUPILS. Their efforts of the Misses Smith are directed to the intellectual and religious improvement of their Pupils, and to the promotion of their personal comfort. Terms moderate. Reference to the Revs. J. Harrison, Curate, Edwin Hartshorn, M.A., Vicar of Hethelgreen; J. Slight, M.A., of Taxal; Mr. S. Edwards, City-road Chapel; Alfred Stone May, Ireland; J. Burkitt, Torkington; T. Rainhambotham, M.A., Walmerley Parsonage; H. Linthwaite, M.A., West Walton; Vincent Smith, Esq. Brighton; H. Smith, Esq. Bradfield Hall; Robert Johnston, Esq. Camden-town; and Charles Wyatt Smith, Esq. Poplar.

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Rev. G. Daubeny, Seend, near Devizes.

Rev. G. Wayte, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Eton College.

H. G. Awde, Esq. Sutton Court, Chippenham.

J. Theobald, Esq. Hyde Abbey, Winchester.

E. Absolom, Esq. Woodlands Lodge, Blackheath, Kent.

R. Gale, Esq. Winchester.

E. Lomer, Esq. Moorlands, Bitterne, near Southampton.

DENMARK-HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEAR LONDON.

Principal—Mr. C. P. ASHON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London.

The Pupils of the above-named School will RE-ASSEMBLE on TUESDAY, July 31st.

The School is divided into an Upper and a Preparatory section; the Preparatory latter being kept quite separate from those in the Upper School.

Prospects may be obtained at the School; and of Messrs. Lindsay & Mason, 84, Basinghall-street; and Messrs. Reife Brothers, School Booksellers, 150, Aldersgate-street, London.

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Second Master—DEIGHTON, Esq. B.A., late Scholar of Queen's College, Cambridge.

An Exhibition of 30*s*. open to Students intended for the Universities, or for the Legal and Medical Professions, and tenable for three years, will be annually adjudged. Students entering before Christmas next will be admissible to contend.

Each Proprietor has the right of nominating one Pupil at a time to the School at reduced fees.

R. HODSON, Hon. Sec.

\* \* \* The Second Master RECEIVES BOARDERS at 24, Boundary-road.

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NEW BURLINGTON-STREET, July 7.

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\*\* The Second and Concluding Volume will be published in the course of the month.

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## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

The EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCVII., July, 1855. 8vo. price 6s. [On Friday next.]

## CONTENTS.

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London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

## REVIEWS

*Letters of Marshal St.-Arnaud*—[*Lettres du Maréchal de St.-Arnaud*]. 2 vols. Paris, Lévy-Frères.

Two volumes more extraordinary than these have not been contributed to the history of our own times. Though they contain only the private correspondence of Marshal St.-Arnaud, mutilated by an Editor—and that Editor the Marshal's brother—they present a perfect exposition of the character, the feelings, the motives of the man who was the principal agent of the Napoleonic *Coup-d'état*, and the original leader of the allied armies in the Crimea. What is suppressed it is often not difficult to surmise,—the abrupt and broken letters speak for themselves. What is avowed suffices to explain the moral nature and the public acts of the French Marshal. The interest which belongs to his history is not similar in kind to that which attaches to other men who, like Washington or Cromwell, have wielded the powers of a revolution; it consists rather in the minute knowledge we gain of the character of the individual who was the agent of Imperial conspiracy, the Lieutenant of an Empire, the first military representative of the Anglo-French alliance, and the only French General whose opinions of English conduct and policy have been frankly stated to the world.

The contents of the volumes embrace, however, an area far wider than that of the present war. The private correspondence of the Marshal, written at close intervals during twenty-five years, furnished his brother with materials almost for an autobiography. Passages of his life, of course, are omitted from this selection; but these contemporary writers will find it easy to supply. The one thing necessary was to obtain an insight into St.-Arnaud's view of his own career.

Marshal St.-Arnaud was born in August, 1798. His father, as an advocate, played a humble part during the events of the Revolution, but died when the Warwick of December 1851 was only five years of age. The young Leroy—such was the Marshal's name in his days of innocence—was educated in the military schools, took rank in the army, volunteered in the cause of Greek independence, abandoned the Greeks, and wandered through the Levant, through Italy, Belgium, and the British Isles. On the outbreak of the French Revolution of July he returned to France, obtained a lieutenancy, and proceeded, after some probation in cantonments, to active service in Africa. Of the Algerian campaign, in which he was engaged, his letters to his family afford pictures the most vivid and characteristic. An eager soldier, impatient for fame, dead to all but martial sentiments, prodigal of human blood, delighting in battle, and only gazing at the future to dream in what quarter his star would rise, he seems to have laid himself bare in his letters. The caution which has shorn these volumes of many a candid paragraph does not once conceal the true disposition of Leroy de St.-Arnaud—from the date of his lieutenancy to that of his Marshal's baton. For illustrations of his exploits, and of his method of describing them, we may return to the correspondence. At present we shall only present an account of those letters which contain personal details or refer to the great historical incidents connected with his name. In Africa Marshal Bugeaud excited his admiration. To him he looked as to the pillar of France; but it is to be noted that he was Bugeaud's *protégé*, and was ever partial to his public friend. "Africa,"

he wrote in 1838, "has fallen into a chaos so black that in it the devil himself would not recognize his favourites. Our Marshal is as discreet as the tomb, and more silent than that ancient stoic whose name I forget, for he would burn his own shirt if he thought it knew his secrets." To Marshal Valée he applied the camp nickname—"Louis the Eleventh," and talked of his expeditions as comedies. Lamoricière is introduced in this characteristic fashion.—

I had this morning a long and serious conversation with General Lamoricière, *confidential*, but intended by me to be repeated to the governor.

General Pelissier is favoured with strong commendation in a letter from the Marshal to his brother. His prowess at the Caves of Dabra are vigorously defended; but when it becomes a question who is fit to exercise the military sovereignty of Algeria, St.-Arnaud has but one man in view—Bugeaud. "Who could replace him? Neither Lamoricière nor Bedeau is discreet enough. Changarnier is impossible. Put a civil governor there—Molé or Broglie, Thiers or Guizot—and adieu to Africa." Elsewhere he says:—"I do not much like Guizot; he is too pacific." In 1845, he wrote:—"Who would uphold the monarchy were Louis Philippe to die? I could name a thousand men, but I know of only one." Bugeaud again. "There are two individuals; one great and full of genius, who by his candour and his abruptness sometimes makes an enemy, but who is no man's enemy himself; the other talented, experienced, and ambitious, who thinks the civil power will prevail in Africa, and who gives his suffrage therefore to the civil power." Here, once more, he is contrasting Bugeaud with Lamoricière.

To General Canrobert the Letters contain no allusion that is not friendly.—"He is one of the officers whom I most respect and love. My friendship with him is of old standing: it dates from the breach of Constantine." On another occasion:—"He is a real Duguesclin." But of the body of Generals he writes in lofty terms:—"We are more Roman than the Romans, for we do our duty for duty's sake, conscientiously, without self-seeking or ostentation. And yet our promotions are sold, and we continue poor." Such an exclamation of discontent, however, does not suggest the Marshal's character so well as the following, after the Revolution of February:—"Cavaignac is dismissed, and replaced by Changarnier. I regret Cavaignac:—he was very friendly to me." In a few weeks the situation is changed:—Cavaignac is dictator. "But can he play his part? The Napoleons are, as yet, far off."

In general, Marshal St.-Arnaud's references to his contemporaries—especially civilians—were flippant and satirical. At an assembly of men of letters, he says:—

I conversed with Charles Nodier. He talks exactly as he makes his heroes talk. He was always acting, gesticulating; he is all expression and spirit, but very charming. Possibly M. Michaud did not think me worthy of his anger; but I was obliged to think of the Crusades to prevent him turning on his heel.

We shall at present illustrate Marshal St.-Arnaud's character and opinions from two points of view,—that of the *Coup-d'état*, and that of the Crimea. He watched the politics of France simply as they appeared to influence the position of the army, but dealt profusely in execrations against the press and sarcasms against parliamentary government. It is remarkable that, after the dethronement of Louis Philippe, he seldom, and only in the most guarded terms, alluded to Louis Napoleon. He watched the skies that he might adore the rising star. At first, he says:—"The Napo-

leons are, as yet, far off." Then, "If universal suffrage be consulted, Prince Napoleon has enormous chances of the Presidency." Next, "I voted for Prince Napoleon because he was unknown, and in the unknown there is hope." In December 1848, the fancy of the Empire passed across his mind; but in June 1849, we find him asking "What will the President do? What will Paris, what will France decide?"—"As for me, I wait for events. I feel that I have too much strength and courage to recoil from anything."

Meanwhile the signs of our "Eastern question" appeared. The Roman Insurrection had been quelled, and General St.-Arnaud had been disappointed in the hope that an Italian field would be spread before him. "I shall think no more of Rome," he writes in October 1849, "but I should be glad to strike a blow at Russia in conjunction with England. Heaven owes us this compensation." Such a reference to Heaven is by no means rare in the correspondence. When the African soldier escapes, "Heaven will not permit an Arab to kill him." When the Queen of Belgium dies, "Heaven has no pity on that noble family." This is the Marshal's habitual language. What were his habitual designs the Letters disclose. Even so early as 1850 they contain speculations on the possibility of raising a Cæsar, and rising with him. Six months afterwards an autograph missive from the President promoted him to the rank of General, and overwhelmed his heart with joy. "Here is my third star,"—and it led him speedily to Paris. He reached that capital in September 1851. Rumours of his approaching exaltation to the Presidential Cabinet circulated among the expectant politicians, and an invitation to dine at the Elysée confirmed his hopes. "I will go; perhaps the Prince will speak to me about it!"

Next day, a letter to Madame St.-Arnaud runs thus:—

I have dined with the President. He was most affectionate, charming! He took me to the theatre; on leaving it, we were received with cries of "Vive Napoléon!" "Vive le Président!" and some shouted "Vive la République!" But the whole crowd uncovered, and that was better than shouting.

On the 19th of November he tells his mother:—

My position is safe. Behold me anchored in politics, and riding high. In this world, nothing is necessary but to go straight on and be bold.

The next letter, in natural sequence, is dated 2nd of December, 1851, four o'clock in the morning:—

Good and dear mother,—I write at a solemn moment. Within two hours we shall assist in a revolution which, I trust, will save the country.

The correspondence confirms the statement, often published, that, next to Louis Napoleon, Marshal St.-Arnaud was the principal agent—the instigator and instrument—of the *Coup-d'état*. Passing from that event to the Russian war, we will glean among his letters some which reflect curiously on the incidents and personages referred to. From the earliest moment, Marshal St.-Arnaud describes himself as eager, impetuous, impatient. In April, 1854, at Marseilles, he wrote an avowal of his reasons to his brother.—

What we now want is, success. A reverse would be disastrous internally and externally, yet no honest man would say, whatever colour our proceedings may wear, that we gaily sought a distant war for the sake of the war itself. We undertake it because it is indispensable to the honour and dignity of France; above all, because it is inevitable. \* \* The people will give their money and their children without a murmur. They will support the war for one or two years, but they must have bulletins, results, successes,

as compensation. \* \* You speak of the Crimea! It is a gem—I dream of it; and I only hope that the prudence will not forbid my snatching it from the Russians. That would be to them a terrible blow. But we must make no premature declarations. We must deliberate with the Turks, and see the Russians a little nearer, to know what they will and what they can do.

At Constantinople, in May, he assumed, in his correspondence, a tone which proved clearly that he esteemed himself as the master and genius of the war. A singular detail is, that he expected to regain his health in a campaign.—

My health is tolerable. Bad symptoms are occasionally manifested, but they soon pass off; a little gunpowder will complete the cure.

Towards the close of the month, his little patience forsook him:—

If the Russians attack Silistria with energy, they may capture it within a fortnight. Policy, with its caution, and the sluggishness of arrivals, condemn the Anglo-French army to inactivity.

Some of the letters, after this date, are too important to be abridged:—

Gallipoli, May 30, 1854.

Brother,—My life is passed amid a whirl, which rolls over me while it carries me on. I have so many vital matters to arrange, that even if I find by chance a moment free to resume my correspondence with you, I can hardly command the necessary strength. My fatigues are such as to leave me no power of thinking or of writing. I wished to give you an account of my journey to Varna and Shumla, of the Turkish army and of its commander. But I am already half-a-century a-head of those topics, and new incidents have occurred quite sufficient to occupy my pages. Yet where can I begin? In two words:—I found that Varna was a defensible position, and that Shumla was very strongly protected by entrenchments. Omar Pasha has many defects, but is sufficiently remarkable in his adopted country. As I have said, I found an army where I expected to see a rabble:—a horde of men, badly clothed, badly equipped, and badly armed, but capable of manœuvring, obeying, conquering, and dying. I found Silistria defending itself, and confident of holding out, —while the Russians, numerically powerful, were attacking it awkwardly, but certain, after a given amount of slaughter, of capturing it, if they persevered. Oh, if I could now give them battle! But that I shall not do for some time. I have returned to Gallipoli and convinced myself of it. I have no right to compromise or risk the honour of our flag by bringing into the field an army not yet constituted, not yet organized, without its artillery, or its cavalry, or its ambulances, its baggage, its means of transport, or its provisions. As for the English, they are not more prepared than ourselves. No one can imagine what it is to carry on a distant expedition with this piecemeal system of transport. Everything comes by bits and morsels; cannon without their carriages or horses,—horses without guns or wagons. I have forty-two teams instead of a hundred—a thousand ill-matched horses instead of six troops numbering three thousand. In consequence of this destitution, more easily to be regretted than avoided, serious inroads are made upon our plan of operations. We could show only the heads of our columns at Varna. I am, however, organizing the army at Gallipoli. As the divisions are got ready, I shall move them up, by land, to the line of the Balkan. The troops will be hardened by marches and bivouacs,—the people, with French soldiers spreading over the country, will be restored to confidence,—and the Russians will know that we shall march against them.

After details as to the order of despatch, the Marshal continues:—

My reserve of artillery—forty pieces—will follow when it is ready. Alas! but when will that be?

Three days afterwards he reports:—

I have given life to Gallipoli, I have had reviews; and have conversed with the officers and soldiers; I have been enabled to compare my men—so full of ardour, so impetuous, so martial in their bearing—with the English—solid as walls, who move like

machines. I have passed them in review, and have had red coats at my table mingled with blue. Everything is beginning to be set in order; but I still long to see all our forces combined. My cavalry does not arrive. I am obliged to send for it by every steamer that comes within reach; but the process is very slow. Nevertheless, the movement of troops has commenced, and the army, organized as it is, is making progress. I shall return, however, to Yene-Keni to press on the Sultan's attention the settlement of various affairs, and shall then repair to Varna. If I can I will, on my return, take a furtive glance at Sebastopol, but the fleet must be near at hand, for I have no wish to be carried off by the Russians. I must arrange with Admiral Hamelin. I am dying with eagerness to see Sebastopol, because I have an idea that something may be done there. But the disembarkation terrifies me. I see now time and resources of transport are required to embark a single infantry brigade of 6,000 men, a battery of artillery, and 600 horses. It took three days to dismount the battery, and three days to remount it. We were three days, working incessantly, from five in the morning until six in the evening, in embarking the materials, horses, and men, although we had no cavalry. For the transport from Gallipoli to Varna I employed nine large steam-vessels, towing thirty-two merchant transports, and they were forty-eight hours in reaching their destination. Now, calculating that we should require proportionate means to convey 50,000 men to Sebastopol, and Odessa, and to disembark them on the enemy's territory, under the fire of the Russians, would any sensible man undertake to do it? It is possible, but it would be necessary to have ample time and ample resources.

In his next letter of the same date, he observes:—

The Crimea was my favourite idea; but the maps have taught me to hesitate. I did think seriously of this conquest as a grand *coup-de-main*; but I have seen embarkation and disembarkation, and I maintain that to make a descent on the Crimea long preparations are needed, with a thorough campaign, 100,000 men probably, and the assistance of the entire united fleets, besides 1,000 transport ships.

When the Russians retreated beyond the Danube, Marshal St.-Arnaud's opinions changed. Without any formidable increase of his disposable resources, he was satisfied that a landing on the Crimea might be accomplished,—and hurried forward the preliminaries of the undertaking. It is impossible not to sympathize with the agonies with which his malady afflicted him, while struggling with desperate energy to reach the field of an honourable battle, that he might expiate the blood he had shed in the streets of Paris. Omens of his approaching fate were now too plainly apparent. His letters of this period are laden with presages of death. The English did not, by their celerity, satisfy his restless impatience; but even off the harbours of the Crimea, when the vast united armaments were all but ready to pour an invasion upon the coast, he bewailed the flight of time, and wrote daily complaints that his powers were ebbing away, while no chance of action appeared.—“To die of fever in sight of the enemy!” he writes, as in a sort of terror.

The disembarkation took place. The armies were on shore; but both French and English waited for their supplies and equipments. Meanwhile the Russians entrenched themselves on the Alma, and Marshal St.-Arnaud exulted in the prospect of attacking them. At Old Fort he wrote, on the 17th of September:—

My dearly-loved wife.—The English are not yet ready, and I lose precious time through their delay. I have lent them barges this morning, to assist in the landing of their horses, so that I hope we may march about eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. I shall sleep on the Bulganac, to be fresh on the 19th, that I may force a passage on that day. Then, if possible, I shall pursue the Russians across the Katcha. I promise you I shall leave them no time for amusement. The weather is beautiful, and so far we are favoured. If God will protect me for a few days, all

will go well. I listened to mass this morning in my large tent, and prayed for you. I had four Abbés to breakfast with me. There has been a great excitement in the army: Prince Napoleon was the mover in it. He says, emphatically, that I am a man, and that without me we should never have been in the Crimea. My health is a little improved today. \* \* Nothing is altered in my plans. Prince Menschikoff permitting, shall be on the 20th or 22nd before Sebastopol. Possibly I may attack it on the south side, and so render useless all the immense preparations they have made on the north. All this depends, however, on what I see when we reach the Belbeck.

The Marshal writes as though the responsibility of the expedition devolved solely upon him. He admits of no *veto* on his scheme. The English are described as brave auxiliaries where they are not described as indolent obstructors. Next morning he again addressed his wife:—

I am about to inform Lord Raglan that I can and will wait no longer, that I shall issue the order to march to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and that nothing will interrupt me. I have received your little letter of the 14th. My poor friend, what anxieties you suffer, what cares and what tears! But you are right, for I have been very ill. Now, however, all that is past; I am in the Crimea, and I feel the symptoms of returning strength. Last night, however, I was restless, and perspired strongly. To-morrow this place will be desolate, and the cannon will speak. In four days I shall be before Sebastopol, after having thoroughly beaten the Russians.

Without explaining whether Lord Raglan acquiesced in his intention, or whether the British army was moved tumultuously forward to gratify the eagerness of the dying Marshal, St.-Arnaud writes, on the 21st of September, from the field of the Alma:—

Victory! victory! my Louisa, my dear-loved! Yesterday, on the 20th of September, I completely defeated the Russians; I took their formidable positions, defended by more than 40,000 men, who have now been beaten. Nothing could stand before the onset of the French, or the steadiness and solidity of the English. At eleven o'clock I attacked, at half-past four the Russians were in full flight, and if I had had cavalry I should have captured more than 10,000 of them. Unfortunately, I had none. The moral result is prodigious. The field of battle on which I am bivouacking, on the very spot which Prince Menschikoff occupied yesterday, is strewn with Russian corpses. I have twelve hundred men *hors de combat*, the English have fifteen hundred. The enemy must have lost four or five thousand, at least. My ambulances are full of their wounded, whom I send to Constantinople with my own. They have left more than 2,000 muskets and pouches on the field of battle. It was a magnificent day, and the victory of the Alma will rank honourably among its sisters of the Empire. The Zouaves are the first soldiers in the world. All victories are costly. Canrobert was wounded by a discharge from a howitzer, but not severely. He was struck in the breast and in the hand. General Thomas has a ball in the lower abdomen, and will return to France. Froyer was killed. Poor Charlotte! I will write to Madame de Soubeiran. I have three officers killed, and fifty-four wounded; and 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1,033 wounded. The English assaulted some very powerful redoubts, and suffered more than we did. Moreover, I lost fewer men because I was more rapid in my movements. My soldiers ran—their marched. To-day I remain here to collect my wounded, to bury my dead, and to renew my stores of ammunition. To-morrow, at seven in the morning, I march upon the Katcha. If I find the Russians, I beat them again, and rest next day on the Katcha. On the 24th I shall be at the Belbeck.

Surely there is enough glorification here! Not a suggestion do we meet that the English generals had any part in the victory. In another letter, the Marshal gives way to the most fanciful flattery of his army:—

We shall surpass Agamemnon; but our siege will not be prolonged like that of Troy. We have in

our army more than one Achilles, many an Ajax, and still greater numbers who can vie with Patroclus. All goes well; my orders are given, and, God aiding us, France will, in October, register one of the most splendid and daring feats of arms recorded in her military history.

This "feat of arms" was the capture of Sebastopol.—

I have weighed the reasons for and against the enterprise. At present, I can see none *against* it. I shall lose fewer men in taking Sebastopol than I have lost from cholera and fever. It is a great responsibility; I must understand that, and bear it, and place myself above it. If I succeed, I shall be a great man; if I do not succeed, I shall be what I must be: but that it will be taken is a consolation, at all events. My conscience tells me I am doing my duty. For the rest, what does it matter? Ah, my brother, how can I sleep now! I passed last night conducting ten sieges of Sebastopol, and issuing proclamations to my soldiers.

The perusal of this correspondence has had, in our minds, the result of proving that Marshal St.-Arnaud hurried forward the Crimean expedition, and precipitated it upon the hostile territory, reckless of the consequences to himself and to the allied armies. His entire career is exhibited in this correspondence, as that of a desperate adventurer,—courageous, unscrupulous, excited, like a wild animal, by the scent of blood, and formed, by nature and by education, to be a Captain of Zouaves.

*Within and Without: a Dramatic Poem.* By George MacDonald. Longman & Co.

This poem has a purpose and a plan, and a profound meaning which, on the first perusal, we cannot pretend to fathom. The hero comes before us as a monk, discontented with his convent and his companions, and exciting among them suspicions of heresy. He has ideas—they have none. He proves to be certain Count Julian who has "had a love affair, in good-boy, layman fashion," and who yearns again for the world and his heart's object. By the aid of a monk he escapes from a monastery; but his secret is known, and the wily abbot has him tracked, drives him with the lady in question from his estate, and escheats his domains for the benefit of Mother Church. Julian and his wife, in the third part of the poem, are poor exiles in London; Lilia, the latter, gaining a living as a teacher, and he as a merchant's clerk. Notwithstanding the original fervency of their love, doubt, generated by the early circumstances of their history, gradually grows up between them, and builds as it were a moral wall of partition which neither of them has power to break down or overleap. At length, Julian suspects her of infidelity; indeed, he has cause, for Lilia leaves him, and has been tempted, though still innocent. Still, too, she loves her husband, whose habits of philosophical abstraction have had much to do with their mutual alienation. It is thus that the forsaken Julian stands self-rebuked:—

Oh! I know

Now, but too well, that common deeds of love  
Are better than all metaphysical truths;  
That smiles are more than grandest thoughts to teach.  
\* \* \* \* \*

I brought thee pine-boughs, rich in hanging cones,  
But never at thy feet flung chestnut-flowers.  
O God, forgive me; it is all my fault.  
Thou gavest me a woman rich in heart,  
And I have kept her like a caged sea-mew  
Which a boy starves; then weeps when it is dead.  
O God, I have been proud—so terribly;  
Now, then, I see that often it was pride  
That drove me from her, would not let me speak.  
I could not rid me of myself. Why not?  
Have cast my being, life and all, on hers;  
Knowing that nothing is too much to fling  
Before the beauteous daughter of high God,  
Even at her feet abandonedly? Why not?  
Have been content to minister and wait?  
And if she answered not to my desires,  
Have smiled in faith and waited? God doth give  
A hundred years unto an aloe-flower,

And I not five unto a woman's soul.  
Could I not have done thus, with help from thee,  
And drunk at last the vintage-wine of love?  
Why should I think of self? I hate myself!  
God, let me perish! so thy beautiful  
Be brought with gladness and with singing home.  
I flung her love back on her lovely heart;  
I did not shield her in the wintry sky;  
And she has withered up and died and gone.  
If thou wilt give her back to me, I vow  
To be her slave, and serve her with my soul.  
In my hand will take my heart, and burn  
Sweet perfumes on it to relieve her pain:  
I have ruined her—O God, save thou!

Such, both in its eccentricity and its harmony, may be tendered as a fair example of the style of our new poet. There is frequently a spontaneity in his thoughts and imagery which, like an iris above a cataract, over-arches, as it were, the soul-agony that rages in the depths of his genius. Seldom have spiritual abysses been more thoroughly sounded,—seldom has despair had a more eloquent voice,—seldom has mystic sentiment been more beautifully interpreted.

We find, too, in this poem what for the most part is wanted in such ideal compositions—a story. There is enough of fable to form the basis of a tolerably long romance, in which the feelings here treated in essences would be vastly expanded. There is, however, no attempt at an acting drama;—all is pure poetry, meant for the closet, for quiet and reflective perusal, in which the reader is his own actor. The aim indicated in the title, to contrast the inner and outer life, is subtly shadowed,—with not enough of outline and colour for the popular perception, but with sufficient suggestion to the selected student whose imagination is willing—perhaps proud—to meet half way that of the poet. Many of the scenes consist of a single line or so, yet embody more than a chapter of ordinary narrative. There may be some affectation in this,—but the effect must be judged of by feeling, not by dry rules of criticism. Here, for instance, is an entire scene of the kind, from the Fourth Part.—

SCENE VII JULIAN reading in his room.  
"And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."  
He closes the book and kneels.

The previous scene had only consisted of a song, which, but for certain traces of imitation in it, we might have quoted. The following, however, may be taken as a fair specimen of the many lyrics by which the dialogue is illustrated or relieved.—

Death and a lady rode in the wind,  
In a starry midnight pale;  
Death on bony horse behind,  
With no footfall upon the gale.  
The lady sat a wild-eyed steed,  
Eastward he tore to the morn;  
But ever the sense of a noiseless speed  
And the sound of resounding corn!  
All the night through the headlong race  
Sped to the morning grey;  
The cold dew stood on the lady's face—  
From Death or the morning? say.  
Her steed's wide knees began to shake,  
As he flung the road behind;  
The lady sat still, but her heart did quake,  
And a cold breath came down the wind.  
When, lo! a fleet bay horse beside,  
With a silver mane and tail;  
A knight, bareheaded, the lady did ride,  
With never a coat of mail.  
He never lifted his hand to Death,  
And he never couched a spear;  
But the lady felt another breath,  
And a voice was in her ear.  
He looked her weary eyes through and through,  
With his eyes so strong in faith;  
Her bridle-hand the lady drew,  
And she turned and laughed at Death.  
And away through the mist of the morning grey,  
The spectre and horse rode wide;  
The dawn came up the old bright way,  
And the lady never died.

There is deep tenderness in many passages of this poem;—and the incident of the deserted father being evermore accompanied with his orphan child is most delicately imagined and deliciously touched. Much, too, is set to sweet

music;—the whole, nevertheless, is inexpressibly painful. It would seem as if, in the author's opinion, a happy life were inconsistent with the purpose of living. "Love," says the poor child, "hurts so": to which replies her father, "Yes, darling; love does hurt. It is too good never to hurt." Such is the moral of the poetic action,—thus, as with a diamond pencil, cut in on the crystal of the soul, wounding that it may indite a memorable legend. There is an intensity in the state of emotion thus indicated, which will operate as a charm on sensitive spirits. But at the same time, it must be maintained that there is in this new poem a want of comprehension. The poetical view taken is not sufficiently large. The highest poetical spirits are also the most cheerful. Nature and existence are not all clouds and rain, but attended with sunshine and honest pleasures.

*Aspen Court: a Story of our own Time.* By Shirley Brooks. 3 vols. Bentley.

Mr. Shirley Brooks is not the first writer who has felt the disadvantages of serial publication. Nature is not a series of spasms. Life will not unfold itself in twenty passionate acts. Art asks repose. In 'Aspen Court' we have the materials of two or three stirring novels; we have enough and to spare of story, incident, character, observation; yet the tale hangs somewhat loosely together, and the reader scarcely cares who wins or who loses. The tale is too much set in scenes. The action moves too abruptly from point to point. The effects are too broad and melo-dramatic.

If we were to set down these faults to the artist we should commit a great injustice. He was probably not free to choose his method. The sculptor who works in marble has an enduring advantage over his rival who moulds in clay. We may prefer a lily to a rose, but we must not blame the rose for not being white in colour and throwing off the lily scent. Each must be taken for what it is. In like manner, we must look at 'Aspen Court' as a work produced in a particular way; we must bear in mind the long pauses in the story; and when we see that the curtain is coming down upon us for month, imagination must kindly lend itself to the illusion, and, after a few winks and nods, start the next chapter with a sense of fading memory and pleasant confusion as to persons and events. Having put the reader in mind of his duty to 'Aspen Court'—of the frame of mind in which it will be most pleasant and profitable for him to approach it—we will now add, that few novels will better reward his impatience. Mr. Brooks has written no book to compare with this in matter—so full of thought, humour, and observation. It is, as yet, his master-work. To a style at all times light, airy, brilliant, he has now added more serious graces. We have the airy satire, the fresh expression, the humorous suggestion; but we have these in a closer relation than was the wont of this light and graceful writer to the more sacred sympathies of human life. Mr. Brooks's genius seems to have lain "in the sun" of late. His mind has ripened, and his touch attained to greater mastery and vigour.

By way of whetting the appetite for more, we present the reader with a bit or two from 'Aspen Court.' Here is a sketch of its occupant in his youth.—

"Wilmslow had inherited something of his father's shrewd, coarse nature, and could at times be bitterly hard, especially when there was a choice between withholding payment of a just debt, and spending the money on some unrighteous pleasure. At such a crisis he was proof against any pleadings, and took spiteful delight in feeling his sovereigns between his

finger and thumb in his pocket, while solemnly swearing to a distressed tradesman that he did not that day know where to turn for five shillings, though he should be in ample funds next week. \* \* Then he went to Paris,—he talked French, by the way, with a very pure and bold English accent, like some of his betters,—and as he combined a couple of tastes which do not harmonize advantageously for the pocket, especially in France, namely, playing high and drinking hard, he scarcely could be said to visit the Continent for retrenchment. At home his rooms in Half-moon Street were open to all comers in the days of his prosperity, and even when it became expedient to see who knocked, as it soon did, he still held hospitable orgy for any one who had no claim upon him. But it was a queer set that the captain liked to have about him,—a bad set, in fact,—I do not mean on the mere score of its members being remarkably good-for-nothing,—a qualification which would suit some very good sets we all know,—but in point of taste. He liked what is called the 'artist-world,' but then he was incapable of comprehending either art or its noble professors, and patronized any rattling, scampish *vaurien*—if foreign, so much the better—who dressed like a Guy, told profane or immoral anecdotes, or both, sketched a caricature, blew a bugle, or modelled a *statuette*. A scamp of this sort, especially if he wore a moustache, smoked cigars all the morning, and could bang a terrific pianoforte accompaniment to songs of the *Quartier Latin*, sung as they sing in French *vaudevilles* (I mean abominably), was dear to whatever did duty for heart in Henry Wilmslow. Sometimes he would get a number of these people together, with ladies who dressed very charmingly, but whom one would not have otherwise proposed as models, except to Mr. Frost or to Mr. Macrise, and then, what with champagne and innocent *badianage*, singing, and cigar-smoke (which the ladies were good enough not to mind at all, and, indeed, rather to like, and sometimes to make), the evening glided very pleasantly into night, and the night into morning. And Wilmslow was happy, contributing his wine, his loud laugh, and sometimes his bad joke to the happiness of his respectable friends. These were not play nights,—the artists of Wilmslow's set have not much to lose,—and if cards came out it was chiefly for conjuring or telling fortunes, or to show the trick by which the German Baron Sosterkite ruined young Loppy at Baden-Baden, and drove that excitable youth to shoot himself in the garden at the hotel. All this, and perhaps a little *écarté*, that time, which is short, might not be quite unimproved, was comparatively economical."

How this worthy person came to marry the heiress of Aspen Court, to spend her money and abuse her afterwards (becoming, in the mean time, father of as fair a group of graces as ever romancer conceived), we shall not do Mr. Brooks the injustice to make known. We shall skip, indeed, with little ceremony to another group, tempted by a passage which is very extractable and very characteristic of the writer. The first line will inform the reader what has gone before.—

"Miss Trevelyan was at home, and would see him. What a cugious sensation is that which troubles a man upon such a mission! Why does the elegantly-arranged sentence, studied with so much care, in order alike to avoid formality and familiarity, begin to seem bald, and bold, and bungling, just as it is about to be wanted? Why is it finally revised upon the coarse mat in the hall, and utterly rejected upon the silky mat on the landing? Why do you feel choking, as with thirst, and yet could not drink the elixir of life if it were presented to you? Why would you pay a hundred guineas a step to have the staircase twice as long as it is, and yet you go up as hastily as if you were escaping from a poor relation? Why does that pleasing bow, with which you have so often stooped to conquer—you know it—seem to you at once a great deal too low, and a great deal too slight, and altogether abominable? Why do you wish you had put on that other cravat? In short, why is your sense so keenly awakened to the outward man, and to the outside phrase, and why do you forget that you have hitherto looked like a gentleman and spoken like a philosopher, and generally

done your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place you, and that there is no particular reason why, at one o'clock this fine day, you should make a failure? Is it a satisfactory answer to say that all this is because there sits in the low chair near the window, in that drawing-room, a bright-eyed young person of the other sex, who, if you could only see it, can hardly hold her crochet-work for her tremor, who knows intensely well what you mean, and what you have come for, and who designs to make you the kindest possible answer, poor thing! if she should be able to find proper words, and who, in the mean-time, is in about as fit a condition to criticize you as I am to correct the 'Jupiter Symphony' or the 'Nautical Almanac.' Let me appeal to some of my friends whether I have overstated the case. There is Capt. Pounder, that big, handsome man with the black whiskers, who, in one of those dreadful Punjab fights, rode slowly up a slope of three-quarters of a mile towards a fort from which our dear Oriental brethren were blazing upon us with seventy cannons, and remarked to his comrades, as he dashed singly into the narrow breach, that he would 'wait inside,'—just ask that dauntless person how he felt when going to propose to Laura Green of the Engineers. Or speak to the Secretary of State for the Unhesitating Department, who thinks nothing of tackling a roaring and excited House of Commons at midnight, dragging a comrade out of a mess, and like Tydies, tearing the strongest battle of his antagonists, amid shouts that would dismay a statue. Only ask how it was that he went three times to make a personal offer to Lady Asphodel Winglington, and at last was obliged to do it in a beautiful despatch—letter, I mean. Do not talk to me about faint hearts and fair ladies—of course, we know that many an estimable female is very good-natured, and would give you her hand just as she would give you the salt or the nutcrackers, because you seem to be looking for it, and will in no degree appreciate your making such sentimental fuss about the matter (and a remarkably good partner such a woman will make too, mind that), but our discourse at present is less of partnership than of marriage. This digression has given Mr. Carlyon time to vanquish that singular little spasm in the throat."

We meant to introduce Mr. Paul Chequerbent—one of those "good fellows" who is also good-for-nothing—to the reader's particular acquaintance; also Cyprian Heywood, the Jesuit, who certainly wears his heart a little too openly on his sleeve; and Rookbury, the eccentric earl; and Molesworth, the marvellous;—but, in consideration to the author of their being, we refrain. Our introduction shall not compromise his rights. Reader, allow us to present Messrs. Chequerbent and Co. to your kindly notice. They will amuse your leisure, and not betray your confidence,—make themselves agreeable at your table and never abuse your wine.

*Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover.* By Dr. Doran. 2 vols. Bentley. The author of these amusing volumes reminds us of him, described in the well-known couplet, who

could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

Dr. Doran's books on dining and dressing have already made the world aware that a writer was among us with a wallet of anecdote and illustration as inexhaustible as the purse of *Fortunatus*. These Lives of four Queens indicate afresh the wealth and variety of his collections, and the electric readiness with which they are put to use. The subjects, it is true, were tempting in no common degree:—Sophia Dorothea, the melancholy captive of Ahlden;—Caroline, the great and genial—coarse withal (but the times were coarse)—who managed, by the aid of Walpole, to govern her country,—to keep on terms with her consort when he was parading his infidelities at Herrenhausen,—and to devour her own woman's jealousy, partly for ambition's sake, partly out of self-respect,

partly from a lingering kindness for her sensual and brutal mate;—Charlotte, wife of George the Third—Miss Burney's "Sweet Queen"—Mrs. Delany's friend—Peter Pindar's butt—the mother of the Regent,—during one of England's worst periods, whose life and rule were protracted through so many sad and strange vicissitudes, domestic and public;—Caroline of Brunswick—ill-starred, ill-bred, ill-married, and ill-conducted—the heroine of such countless scandals and of so much generous enthusiasm;—there are four Ladies who, as subjects, could hardly be exceeded in the matter of variety by any four Queens *en suite*. Copious, too, are the memoirs, diaries, anecdotes, which lie under the biographer's hand. The literature of French gossip has nothing richer in matter than are the collections of Hervey and Walpole. Rarely has sovereign, male or female, been dressed or undressed by such a Boswell as the Author of 'Evelina' (only a part of whose Diaries, by the way, containing the most safe and sugared portions, has been given to the public). While, again, the collections of Lord Malmesbury and Lady Charlotte Campbell respecting the sayings and doings of George the Fourth's consort, have withdrawn the screen behind which many causes of her unhappiness lay hid. Tempted by the excessive affluence of his material, and by his own consciousness of skill and neatness as a worker in mosaic, Dr. Doran has perhaps too entirely forgotten that a biography, like a portrait, should present a whole, be the details ever so numerous, minute, and dazzling. Something more in the way of general character might—should—have been attempted. But elaboration and episode are the taste of the day. Our Pre-Raphaelites will not spare us an "apple on the rock" when they have to paint a Yarrow glen, nor a chip on the carpenter's floor, if the Dwellers at Nazareth are their subject; and in stating that Dr. Doran has wrought "according to the fashion of the time," we do not intend to convey any impression contradictory of the praise which he deserves of having wrought "orderly and well."

It is so difficult to determine where we shall begin—on what we had best alight—in dealing with these lively volumes, that we shall probably do them the fairest justice by indicating a few points which they illustrate, and detaching here and there an anecdote, in place of attempting the slightest imaginable sketch of their "argument." It is impossible to go through the lives of the first two Ladies without anew marvelling at the licentiousness, prodigality, and dullness of those German courts, in which the reigning sovereigns who were to preside over the destinies of this great country were educated. What must Stuart empire have been when English statesmen (in those days the English people were less potential than now) could fancy that such men and such women as came out of Herrenhausen were a happy exchange for the Stuarts! That old clumsy copy of the Pompadour pleasure-houses still exists,—with its faded love-knots and its fat Cupids still decorating the gaunt and dingy ball-room,—and the garden theatre, cut out in the green, where courtiers and court Ladies, little more intelligent than *Bottom's* troop of players, used to act dull comedies, or to reel about in *ballets*, not the lighter-footed for their potations. Herrenhausen was but a type; and the Von Platens and Von Schulembergs were average specimens of the *Cleopatras* who "kissed away kingdoms" among the *Antonios* of Germany.—

"In the times of which I am treating [writes Dr. Doran à propos of the extravagance of Madame von Platen], there was not the minutest count holding sovereignty over a few acres who did not maintain

an ambassadorial establishment at Vienna, the expenses of which swallowed up a very considerable portion of the state represented. These legates of their lords, and often with their lords, and these lords' 'ladies' in their company, were busily employed in the Imperial city in the solemn occupations of feasting, drinking, dancing, gazing at fireworks, and other business which will less bear mentioning. Two hogsheads of Tokay wine were daily consumed for soaking the bread which was given to the Imperial parrots! The Empress's nightly possets required twelve gallons of the same wine. Not that the Imperial appetite was equal to such consumption, but that the kitchen supplied that quantity to the household generally; for in the eighteenth century a German noble or his consort no more thought of going to sleep without the 'sacramental' posset than an English squire of the same period. I have alluded in another page to the 'protector' of the sister of Count Königsmark, Augustus the Strong,—strong in everything but virtue, and utterly worthless as man or monarch in all beside. His reign, after he became King of Poland, was a long course of brutal excess in every shape, and, in some cases, outraging nature as much as was done in the brutal excesses of Caligula. He left behind him three hundred and fifty-two children dependent on the state, but whose claims the state soon refused to recognise. His extravagant taste exceeded that even of the masters of Vienna or Versailles. In honour of Maria Aurora Königsmark, the queen of the harem, and the only 'favourite' of this crowned brute that ever retained in her bad eminence the refinement of character and conduct which had distinguished her before her elevation; in honour of this 'favourite' he gave a festival on the Elbe, at which Neptune appeared in a sea-shell (in very shallow water), surrounded by a fleet of frigates, gondolas, and gun-boats, all of true model dimensions. \* \* Soldiers, or civilians in the masquerade of soldiers of all nations under the sun, and all splendidly attired, lined the banks of the river. The festival lasted throughout a long day, and when night set in, a huge allegorical picture, occupying six thousand yards, nearly four miles of canvas, was illuminated by blazing piles of odoriferous woods; and there was squandered that day, in honour of a royal concubine, as much wealth as would have fed and clothed all the hungry and destitute in Dresden for a whole year."

After accumulating other instances of like quality—enough to astound and sicken those whose faith in education is not of the strongest—Dr. Doran points out how the sty at Hanover was sweetened somewhat earlier than other of the German Court styes, by the removal of George the First and his *sultanas* to England. Bad enough was such a transfer; shameless enough was our Court life and the distribution of our Court's favour in those days; and terrible are the pictures of the ogresses which the pictures of Walpole and other enamellers have presented to us. That our society advanced in decency, and our royalty was compelled to retrograde in rapacity, are a testimony to the sense and stability of England worth counting, and counting, too, at a very high value. When we think what these old German Courts were at the beginning of the last century,—when we recollect what our own English Court could show even later—a spectacle so little edifying as a Queen Caroline trafficking with "her good Suffolk" (in order to rule the king through the king's mistress),—the sudden leap to order, quiet, domestic intercourse, and semblance of moral responsibility taken by our rulers in the times of George the Third commands a praise, which we think has hardly yet been awarded to the change.

Enough of these speculations,—though every page of these volumes teems with matter calculated to feed them. What a set of studies, for instance, might be drawn from the sixth chapter of Dr. Doran's first volume, which is devoted to the three Königsmarks and their pedigree, preparatory to some account of the fatal influence

which Count Philip Christopher exercised over the destinies of the hapless queen of George the First! There was—for example—Charles John, whose "bold stroke for an heiress" and a Percy in the murder of Tom Thynne—Dryden's *Issachar*—fills so wild a page in the annals of irregular marriage projects, and so strangely illustrates the inequalities of British justice a hundred and seventy years since.

"On the evening of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1682, Thynne was in his coach, from which the Duke of Monmouth had only just previously alighted, and was riding along that part of Pall Mall which abuts upon Cockspur Street, when the carriage was stopped by three men on horseback, one of whom discharged a carbine into it, whereby Tom of Ten Thousand was so desperately wounded that he died in a few hours. The persons charged with this murder were chiefly discovered by means of individuals of ill repute with whom they associated. By such means were arrested a German, Captain Vratz, Borosky a Pole, and a fellow, half knave, half enthusiast, described as Lieutenant Stern. Vratz had accompanied Königsmark to England. They lodged together, first in the Haymarket, next in Rupert Street, and finally in St. Martin's Lane. Borosky had been clothed and armed at the count's expense; and Stern was employed as a likely tool to help them in this enterprise. It was proved on the trial, that after the deed was committed, these men were at the count's lodgings, that a sudden separation took place, and that the count himself, upon some sudden fear, took flight to the water side; there he lay hid for a while, and then dodged about the river, in various disguises, in order to elude pursuit, until he finally landed at Gravesend, where he was pounced upon by two most expert thief-catchers,—cunning as Videocq, determined as Townsend, and farsighted as Field. The confession of the instruments, save Vratz, did not affect the count. His defence took a high Protestant turn,—made allusion to his Protestant ancestors, and their deeds in behalf of Protestantism, lauded Protestant England, alluded to his younger brother, brought expressly here to be educated in Protestant principles, and altogether was exceedingly clever, but in nowise convincing. It was a defence likely to do him good with a jury and people in mortal fear of Popery, possessed by deadly hatred of a possible Popish successor to the throne, and influenced by foolish affection for the Duke of Monmouth, who, being of no religion at all, was consequently no 'Papist,' and might hereafter become a good Protestant king,—just as his graceless father had been. It was, moreover, known that the king would learn with pleasure that the count had been acquitted; and as this knowledge was possessed by judges who were removable at the king's pleasure, it had a very strong influence, and the arch-murderer, the most cowardly of the infamous company, was acquitted accordingly. In his case, the verdict as regarded him, was given in last. The other three persons were indicted for the actual commission of the fact, Königsmark as accessory before the fact, hiring them, and instigating them to the crime. Thrice he had heard the word 'Guilty' pronounced, and, despite his recklessness, was somewhat moved when the jury were asked as to their verdict respecting him. 'Not Guilty,' murmured the foreman;—and then the noble count, mindful only of himself, and forgetful of the three unhappy men whom he had dragged to death, exclaimed in his unmanly joy, 'God bless the king, and this honourable bench!' He well knew where his gratitude was due—to a graceless monarch, and a servile judge. The meane assassins were flung to the gallows. Vratz went to his fate, like Pierre; declared that the murder was the result of a mistake, that he had no hand in it, and that as he was a gentleman, God would assuredly deal with him as such!"

The sister of Königsmark,—Aurora, abbess of Quedlinburg, mother of Maurice of Saxony,—has been, of late, once again brought before the reader by Madame Dudevant's strange history, and stranger pride in such an ancestry. How strange has been her legacy to the world of society and of letters! How little could she dream, when she fancied herself

atoning for a youth of gallantry, by ruling in her chapter, and gathering for the edification of the cloistered ladies that manuscript collection of psalms and hymns, which (as well as her mummy in its ecclesiastical robes) may yet be seen—what wild work her descendant and namesake, Aurora, the poetess, would make with woman's virtue and woman's religion! The third Königsmark was poor Sophia Dorothea's reputed lover, whose murder in the Rittersaal, at the instigation of the Countess von Platen, may pair off in the grisly chronicle of palace revenge and palace murder with our Rizzio tragedy at Holyrood;—or the more incomprehensible piece of assassination enacted by that craziest of literary queens—Christina of Sweden, at Fontainebleau. The event is graphically told by Dr. Doran; and he succeeds, fairly, in rescuing the memory of the poor royal Lady from that suspicion which the transaction of such horrors will always fling, justly or unjustly, on the woman whose name jealousy, scandal, or state-craft couples with that of the male victim. If preference there was, on the part of Sophia Dorothea (wife of a libertine so grudging and spiritless as George the First), for the adventurer so darkly murdered, she paid for it dearly. The slow vengeance with which the life of her after-life was pressed out, is well indicated in the following dreary picture:—

"The Castle of Ahlden is situated on the small and sluggish stream, the Aller; and seems to guard, as it once oppressed, the little village sloping at its feet. This edifice was appointed as the prison-place of Sophia Dorothea; and from the territory she acquired a title, that of Duchess of Ahlden. She was mockingly called sovereign lady of a locality where all were free but herself! On looking over the list of the household which was formed for the service, if the phrase be one that may be admitted, of her captivity, the first thing that strikes us as singular is the presence of 'three cooks,'—a triad of 'ministers of the mouth' for one poor imprisoned lady! The singularity vanishes when we find that around this encaged Duchess there circled a really extensive household, and there lived a world of ceremony, of which no one was so much the slave as she was. Her captivity in its commencement was decked with a certain sort of splendour,—about which *she*, who was its object, cared by far the least. There was a military governor of the castle, gentlemen and ladies in waiting; spies all. Among the honest servants of the house, were a brace of pages, and as many valets, a dozen female domestics, and fourteen footmen, who had to undergo the intense labour of doing very little in a very lengthened space of time. To supply the material wants of these, the three cooks, one confectioner, a baker, and a butler, were provided. There was, besides, a military force, consisting of infantry and artillery. \* \* The forms of a court were long maintained, although only on a small scale. The duchess held her little levées, and the local authorities, clergy, and neighbouring nobility and gentry, offered her such respect as could be manifested by paying her visits on certain appointed days. These visits, however, were always narrowly watched by the officials, whose office lay in such service, and was hid beneath a show of duty. The successive governors of the castle were men of note, and their presence betokened the importance attached to the person and safe-keeping of the captive. During the first three years of her imprisonment, the post of governor was held by the Hof Grand-Marshal von Bothmar. He was succeeded by the Count Bergest, who enjoyed his equivocal dignity of gaoler-governor about a quarter of a century. During the concluding years of the imprisonment of Sophia, her seneschal was a relative of one of her judges, Georg von Busche. These men behaved to their prisoner with as much courtesy as they dared to show; nor was her captivity a severe one, in anything but the actual deprivation of liberty, and of all intercourse with those she best loved, until after the first few years. The escape of Mlle. Kneesebeck from her place of confinement appears to have given the husband of Sophia Dorothea an affectionate uneasiness, which he evidenced by

giving orders that his wife's safe-keeping should be maintained with greater stringency. From the day of the issuing of that order, she was never allowed to walk, even in the garden of the castle, without a guard. She never rode out, or drove through the neighbouring woods, without a strong escort. Even parts of the castle were prohibited from being intruded upon by her; and so much severity was shown in this respect, that when, on one occasion, a fire broke out in the edifice, to escape from which she must have traversed a gallery which she was forbidden to pass, she stood short of the proscribed limit, her jewel-box in her arms, and herself in almost speechless terror, but refusing to advance beyond the prohibited line, until permission reached her from the proper authority. On such a prisoner time must have hung especially heavy. She had, however, many resources, and made every hour have its occupation. She was the land-steward of her little ducal estate, and performed all the duties of that office. She kept a diary of her thoughts as well as actions; and if this be extant it would be well worthy of being published. Her correspondence, during the period she was permitted to write, was extensive. Every day she had interviews with, and gave instructions to, each of her servants, from the chief of the three cooks, downwards. \* \* There was a church in the village, which was in rather ruinous condition when her captivity commenced, but this she put in thorough repair, decorated it handsomely, presented it with an organ,—and was refused permission to attend there, after it had been re-opened for public service. For her religious consolation, a chaplain had been provided, and she was never trusted, even under guard, to join with the villagers in common worship in the church of the village below. In this respect, a somewhat royal etiquette was observed. The chaplain read prayers to the garrison and household in one room, to which the princess and her ladies listened rather than therewith joined, placed as they were in an adjacent room, where they could hear without being seen. With no relative was she allowed to hold never so brief an interview; and not even her mother was permitted to soften by her presence for an hour the rigid and ceremonious captivity of her luckless daughter. Mother and child were allowed to correspond at stated periods, their letters passing open; but the princess herself was as much cut off from her own children, as if these had been dead and entombed. The little prince and princess were expressly ordered to utterly forget that they had a mother,—her very name on their lips would have been condemned as a grievous fault. The boy, George Augustus, was in many points of character similar to his father, and, accordingly, being commanded to forget his mother, he obstinately bore her in memory; and when he was told that he would never have an opportunity afforded him to see her, mentally resolved to make one for himself.

It is a relief to the mind to read of the release of Sophia Dorothea from an imprisonment so weary as this.

With the next royal Lady included in Dr. Doran's quartett of Queens, we shall not linger, for a sufficient reason. Most of our intimate knowledge of Carolina Wilhelmina Dorothea (the Queen of Sir Walter Scott's incomparable scene in Richmond Park,) is derived from the Hervey Memoirs, and these were published so recently, read so widely, and quoted from so copiously, that once again to dwell on the life, sayings, and sufferings of this clever woman and great consort would be to risk telling "a twice-told tale." No picture of a household more graphic has ever been laid before the world than is contained in the details of Lord Hervey's Diary;—but the brightness of these has made them too present to every English reader for us to venture on reviving them. Dr. Doran has assembled all the best traits with his usual skill; doing some—but hardly, we think, sufficient—justice to his central figure.

We have already indicated, though but slightly, the light in which we think History will place Queen Charlotte,—in herself, possibly, a narrow woman, chargeable with timid prejudice and formal economy,—addicted (let it be con-

cided) to gossip, to small intrigue; but an angel of nobility and virtue—a saint as patronizing worthy undertakings and pure morals, if compared with the daughters of other German Courts—if measured, even, against her more coarse and compliant predecessor. In a woman's lifetime, prudence, order, and a sense of duty (however warped by imperfect training, or regulated by a sluggish conscience), are not popular virtues, if they be not accompanied by an open hand, a winning smile, a ready tact in reply. After her death, however, these homely qualities may speak in her children and in her children's children. We have no fancy for bending the knee to "convention"—for exalting a crowned head that pays its debts, and does not fill a *chronique scandaleuse*, assomthing celestial;—but time is time, and truth is truth; and in rapidly running through these volumes we have been so struck with the difference of tone inevitably assumed, from the first line of the chronicle of the life of Horace Walpole's "Madame Charlotte," that we cannot but draw attention to it. Illustrations could crowd on us from these very pages; but many are already familiar to our readers, though they may not have drawn from them the morals, comparisons, and conclusions that we have drawn. The following picture belongs to the earliest time of Queen Charlotte's married life, and is quaintly suggestive:—

"The Queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord Mayor's Day; on which occasion they may be said emphatically, to have 'made a day of it.' They left St. James's Palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital school. Having survived the cumbersome formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildhall, but to the house of Mr. Barclay, the patent-medicine vendor, an honest Quaker whom the King respected, and ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volcian ears—Barclay, Perkins & Co. Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated 'Apology for the Quakers,' and who was now the King's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house two Georges before he had given welcome to the third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honour to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and room with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near,—particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of 'Friends' who had assembled within the house to do honour to their sovereigns."

We cannot but continue this curious picture of manners from the account furnished by one of the *drab* young Ladies, who came into contact with purple and gold.—

"Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honoured a Lord Mayor's show. And as it was the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was the heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to show how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter descriptive of the scene appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose:—'About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlour. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second

pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter; for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling, was an unexampled honour, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shown themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door, (a concession I did not expect,) at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only from the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic; and I really think, by her manner is expressed that complacency of disposition which is truly amiable: and though I could never perceive that she deviated from that dignity which belongs to a crowned head, yet on the most trifling occasions she displayed all that easy behaviour that negligence can bestow. Her hair, which is of a light colour, hung in what is called coronation-ringlets, encircled in a band of diamonds, so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed, as will admit of no description. Her clothes which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The king I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the king's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The queen was up stairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay, and Priscilla Ball, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious on account of my girl, who kissed the queen's hand with so much grace that I thought the Princess Dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report was made of her to the king, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement, by saying 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtsey.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the queen; but she would by no means consent till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter, by brother John, who delivered it to the lady in waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us, was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which (the canopy, it is to be presumed,) there were one hundred yards of silk damask."

The fancy of George the Third and his Queen Consort for Quakerdom was inherited by their children, it has been said:—nor does there exist a more truly comical anecdote than one which we have heard narrated by elder members of the Society of Friends,—telling how George the Fourth, being desirous of penetrating the Eleusinian mysteries of female Quaker discipline (which shuts out the stronger sex), absolutely, one yearly meeting, assumed

"bib and tucker," poke bonnet and starched kerchief, and took his seat in "The Woman's Meeting," till detected by the vision of a pair of buckskins, which were perceived by his neighbour through the Regent's pocket-hole!

But we are wandering into gossip, when we merely wish to indicate our sense of the verdict which we fancy future judges may pass on the character and influence of George the Third's Queen. Perhaps this tendency to run off into by-paths may not unhappily suggest an idea of the amount of amusing matter with which this book is closely packed. With the middle part and close of Queen Charlotte's long career we shall not deal, for the same reason that keeps us aloof from the tale of our first Queen Caroline's household cares and concerns. There remains to us one Queen Consort more—our second Queen Caroline of Brunswick—with regard to whom Dr. Doran's collections are complete, ample and fair. We fancy that more may still remain to be told, should "The Gell Papers," announced as in project, if not in existence, by Sir William in a letter to Lady Blessington, ever turn up:—and meanwhile, the motto for one so sinned against—if so sinning—may be "*Requiescat.*" She must have a place in a book like Dr. Doran's,—but the *Athenæum* need not once again return upon the painful disclosures made in the 'Malmesbury Papers.' Enough has been said to prove that Dr. Doran's book is one of the most amusing and conscientiously-executed books of the literary year 1855.

*The Peoples of the Caucasus—[Die Völker des Kaukasus].* By F. Bodenstedt. Berlin, Deckersche Hofbuchdruckerei; London, Williams & Norgate.

Herr Bodenstedt, who is no stranger to the readers of the *Athenæum*, is not only celebrated for his familiarity with Slavonic literature, and his proficiency in rendering the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Russian poetry accessible to a large portion of non-Slavonic Europe, but he deals with the things as well as the words connected with the modern Macedon, and some years ago produced a book on the nations of the Caucasus, in which a strange series of peoples, scarcely known by name to the Western world, were described with all the internal peculiarities of their language, religion, and habits; and likewise in their external relations to the common enemy, Russia. This book was at once welcomed as valuable revelation of new facts, and the descriptions of Herr Bodenstedt—which, though concise, are anything but meagre—soon found their way even into works compiled for the instruction of youth. He became the authority on the subject of the Caucasus.

The events of the last two years have familiarized the Western mind with many objects that were completely strange in 1847; but these very events have given a new importance to the nations whose struggles against Muscovite oppression formerly excited rather a poetical than a practical interest. Herr Bodenstedt has, therefore, acted wisely in publishing a new and improved edition of his excellent little book, especially as he is impressed with the conviction that the complications which now disturb the world are but a natural consequence of the perplexities that have nestled in the East for a long course of years.

What strange peeps of life does one get by rambling through a region in which an old-world life seems to exist either untouched by modern vicissitudes or, blended with modern innovations, to shoot up in grotesque forms that defy the categories of Western thinkers! What an unaccountable animal would a man half-

Christian and half-Mohammedan appear in the atmosphere of Exeter Hall! Among the race of the Adighé, who are the purest specimens of the Circassian *genus*, we not only find one of these unaccountable mixtures, but there exists among a small portion of the people a firm belief in an ancient mythology, that bears vestiges of a completeness equal to that of the systems of Greece and Scandinavia. There is Schiblé, the god of thunder, war, and justice, who is entitled to the best sheep of the flock when a victory is gained, and who confers sanctity on every object which he condescends to smite with his lightning. There is Tleps, the god of fire, who appears to be a legacy from the ancient Persians. There is Isosserisch, the god of wind and water, who likewise holds the clouds in dependency, and who is prettily honoured by those who have relations at sea; for his offerings are placed on a stream communicating with the ocean, and his answers as to the fate of the absent are heard in the rustling of the winds or seen in the passage of the clouds. There is Mesitcha, the god of the forests, under whose sacred oaks the nation holds its councils. There is a peculiar god of travellers named Sekutchá, who rewards hospitality, and will remind the Hellenist of Zeus Xenius. There is Pekoasch, sort of nymph or naiad. There is Achin, the god of horned cattle, who is so popular among his victims that the cow offered to him leaves her companions of her own accord, with the calm intention of being so honourably slaughtered. Even this brief recapitulation contains matter wherewith some Keats might construct a Circassian 'Endymion.'

Herr Bodenstedt's two neat little volumes will please every one who takes them up. The politician and the ethnologist may con them over in serious mood, and the literary saunterer will find in them pleasant information about strange places.

#### *History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529-1854.* By John Gilmary Shea. New York, Dunigan & Brother; London, Trübner & Co.

ROMAN Catholic Missions form the subject of one of the most interesting chapters in the history of missionary enterprise. In heroic self-devotion and disregard of life, in fixedness of principle and submission to the dangers and hardships inseparable from their lot, no men ever excelled—few have equalled—those who have striven to extend the wide-spread dominion of the successor of St. Peter. But the narratives of their adventures are of a characteristic kind, and, to be thoroughly understood, must be read—like those of Quakers and all other sectaries—with a feeling of respectful toleration for their peculiarities. The present volume is principally occupied with the histories of the Spanish missions to New Mexico, Florida, Texas, and California, and the French missions to the Abnakis, Hurons, Iroquois, Ottawas, and Illinois. Most of these philanthropic efforts were fruitless of permanent results. The persevering missionaries too often fell a sacrifice to the mistakes or evil passions of their intended converts. In most instances, the fate of the missionaries was unprovoked, except perhaps in a slight degree by an injudicious zeal to subject children to the healing virtues of the sacramental waters of baptism, which the Indians regarded no less superstitiously than the missionaries. In some of the Spanish missions a mode was adopted of kidnapping the Indians into Christianity, which must have been destructive of all chances of success. Our author tells the story thus:

"A mission was erected, containing a church, shops,

infirmary, granaries, schools, and other necessary apartments. Two missionaries, with some converted Indians and a stock of cattle, agricultural implements, tools, and machinery, took possession, and endeavoured to draw some of the surrounding natives to the mission. This was done chiefly through the converted Indians. Once in the mission, the native was no longer free: under the compulsory system employed, he was instructed in Christianity, accustomed to labour, and according to the ability which he displayed, applied to some trade. Each one belonged to a section governed by a chief, who led his party to church or labour, and was frequently not sparing of blows in enforcing promptness. Against this the Indian at first rebelled; but as all his wants were satisfied, he soon became attached to his life, and would draw others of his countrymen in, and easily persuaded them to submit to the routine. Many learned Spanish thoroughly, and all acquired a knowledge of the Christian religion, which they faithfully practised. Thus they gained two great benefits—peace and comfort in this life, and means of attaining happiness in the next."

Our author defends this mode of propagating Christianity upon principles which would go to vindicate a slave trade, or any other monstrous and crying sin, if practised with a view to the enlargement of the limits of the Church.

But it is not by the policy or the logic of these good men that we ought to judge them. There is a rhetoric in their self-denying lives which few of us are able to estimate at its true worth, fewer still to practise. If any one doubts the fact, let him turn to the pages of this volume and read the evidence.

#### *The Louvre; or, Biography of a Museum. With Two Plans.* By Bayle St. John. Chapman & Hall.

We must take Mr. St. John's work for what it is:—a sketch of the past history of the Louvre, and of the collection therein,—a critical glance at some among the myriad treasures which it contains,—and an eulogy of M. Jeannot, who for awhile was Director of the Gallery; and to whose skill, sense and energy the volume is virtually consecrated.

The story of the Louvre itself, and the sketch of the collection therein preserved, are pleasant summaries. We have also a clever digression on the development of Art, and the influence of the Italian school under Francis the First:—

"Though not remarkable for taste or elegant appreciation, that dashing king—to whom some of the productions of the artistic Peninsula were already known—in his Italian wars admired the splendour given to the palaces of his enemies and his allies by the profuse manifestations of genius in that age, so fertile in great things. He obtained a good many works of high value by purchase or as presents, and invited several artists of the first order to accompany or follow him to France. Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Benvenuto Cellini, Nicolo del Abbate, Il Primitivo, Il Rosso, came, and worked principally at Fontainebleau. \* \* I find mention also of several other Italian artists, not included in the usual lists, who came at that time to the court of François I. Benedetto, pupil of Sogliani, executed in France numerous and beautiful paintings. He arrived there in company with Antonio Mini, pupil of Michael Angelo, who brought with him the famous 'Leda,' given him by his master. Andrea Sguazzella, a pupil of Andrea del Sarto, accompanied the latter to France, and 'decorated a palace near Paris;' and a fellow-student of the same, named Mannuccio, was great favourite with the Cardinal of Tournon. It was G. B. Puccini, of Florence, who ordered of Andrea del Sarto a 'Dead Christ surrounded by Angels,' which he sent to France, and which, by the way, has since disappeared. It excited great admiration, and led to the journey of the artist in 1515, just as François I. ascended the throne. He remained at the court, painting works of various kinds, for some time. But the desire of François I. was to become rapidly wealthy in master-pieces, and

he despatched Andrea del Sarto to Italy with a general order to purchase. The painter, however, corrupted by the influence of beauty and feminine cunning, squandered the large sums confided to his care, and never returned. More honest agents were employed, and the collection gradually increased. It is interesting, discarding quite the fatalist doctrine, which changes history into an arithmetical sum, to speculate sometimes on the possible fruits of events that have burst forth green and promising in the field of action and withered without attaining full growth. It is natural to regret that Andrea del Sarto thus deserted the career opened for him in France; not that we particularly pity François I. for the loss of his money. There was nothing that gave him less pain, and the country could furnish him with more at pleasure. Nor should we dwell with most regret on the dishonour of a great artist, and the remorse with which he was necessarily racked. Let us pity him as he lies dying miserably of the plague, deserted by her whom he had loved, and for whom he had filled his mind. But how great was the loss of France; and, through France, of the countries that receive their impulse from her! If that young Andrea del Sarto—he was only twenty-seven when he came to France—had justified the confidence of the liberal king, and had returned under his splendid patronage and taken advantage of encouragements which were missing even at Florence, how far on might he not have carried the French school! I do not forget that Leonardo da Vinci was summoned to supply his place, and that that artist not only yields to him in no respect in the sympathies and veneration of the world, but was above him by a head. But Leonardo was old, worn out, wearied, expiring; and, certes, could not impart to the French school the vigour which Andrea del Sarto, in the prime of his life and the zenith of his talent, could have communicated. The influence of Leonardo was not null, but was certainly not very powerful. Death intervened too soon; and what, after all, was Il Primitivo, that eclectic practician, taking a hint here and a hint there, with some admirable qualities of his own, it is true, in comparison with the great Art-thletes for whom he was substituted? Nearly all the works of art procured by François I. were collected pell-mell at Fontainebleau, where they were considered rather as handsome furniture than in their true character. The artists I have named, however, required assistance; and the lessons they gave to form persons capable of working under their directions imparted a peculiar stimulus to the French mind. We must not, however, repeat the usual exaggeration, and say that Art was then first introduced into France. Already some admirable works of Sculpture had been produced; the successors of Jehan Fouquet, "the painter and illuminator of the King Louis XI." were at work, exhibiting wonderful skill and knowledge. A very slight progress—perhaps a little encouragement—would have founded a school strong enough to resist foreign influence. Il Primitivo, of all Italian painters, left the deepest traces in France, and really created what was called the School of Fontainebleau. Perhaps they are right who regret the extent of his influence. The vogue he obtained in some measure stifled the development of the strong original talent that existed—a talent that had some relation to that of Flanders, loving to represent natural or fabricated objects, as armoury, jewelry, costly stuffs, furniture, birds, and all animated objects, trees, mountains,—in fact, all the elements of scenery, the human figure alone being to a certain extent unsuccessfully treated. The School of Fontainebleau reflected light from Florence and shone some time contemporary with it, like the pale moon before sunset; but the more brilliant orb disappeared never to rise again, and the new school was kindled with the fire of its own. That strange, sombre, and irregular character, Il Rosso, or Maître Roux, as the French called him, was, however, perhaps the man who most beneficially influenced Art in France under François I. Meditately or immediately, he may be said to have formed or stimulated Jean Cousin, Jean Goujon, Freminet, Germain Pilon, Pierre Lescot, Bernard de Palissy, Leonard de Limoges, Jean Bullant Anguier, Dubreuil, Sarrazin. The works, however, which he executed in France have been nearly all destroyed; and many indeed were destroyed almost immediately after his

death, by Primitivo. Subsequently, also, Anne of Austria, in a fit of devotion, caused several of his paintings to be burned, along with some by the imitable Leonardo da Vinci. A similar fate, from a great variety of causes, has overtaken a vast number of works executed or collected during the reign of François I.; and Fontainebleau and the Louvre now only possess fragments of that king's treasures."

The treasures of the Louvre, however, were not all collected after a like honest and honourable fashion, and Mr. St. John tells the truth with pictorial effect.—

"A singular ceremony took place on the ninth of Thermidor, in the sixth year of the Republic—namely, the triumphal entry into Paris of the objects of art and materials of science—books, statues, manuscripts, and pictures,—conquered in Italy during the early Italian wars. These treasures were landed at Charenton; and during the ten days that preceded the ceremony, from morning until evening, prodigious crowds streamed up along the banks of the Seine to see the innumerable cases containing them. Enormous carts, drawn by richly-caparisoned horses, were prepared, and early on the morning of the appointed day the procession began. It was divided into four sections. First came trunks filled with books and manuscripts taken from the Vatican, from Padua, Verona, and other cities, and including the 'Antiquities' of Josephus on papyrus, with works in the handwriting of Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Petrarch. Then followed collections of mineral products, with the celebrated fossils of Verona. For the occasion were added waggon, laden with iron cages containing lions, tigers, and panthers, over which waved enormous palm-branches and all kinds of exotic shrubs. Afterwards rolled along a file of chariots bearing pictures carefully packed, but with the names of the most important inscribed in large letters outside; as, the 'Transfiguration' of Raphael, and the 'Christ' of Titian. The number of paintings, principally included in this lot, brought from Italy to France was great, and the value was still greater. Fifteen important works by Raphael, seventeen by Perugino, twenty-eight by Guercino, four by Correggio, nine by Guido, five by Titian, and a vast quantity of others by the best masters, are mentioned in the lists of General Pommerolle. When these trophies had passed amidst the applause of the excited crowd, a heavy rumbling announced the approach of still more weighty treasures: of massive carts, bearing statues and marble groups, the Apollo of the Belvedere, the Nine Muses, the Antinous, the Laocoön, the Gladiator, the Melpomene of the Capitol. All these vehicles were numbered and decked out with laurel-boughs, bouquets, crowns of flowers, flags taken from the enemy, and French, Italian, and Greek inscriptions. Detachments of cavalry and infantry, colours flying, drums beating, music playing, marched at various intervals: the members of the newly-established Institute fell into the line: so did the artists and the savans; and the singers of the lyrical theatres preceded or followed, making the air ring with national hymns. This prodigious procession—probably not unlike a Roman triumph in its general outline—marched along the quays amidst the shouts of the assembled population, traversed all Paris, and reaching the Champ de Mars, defiled before the Five Members of the Directory, who were placed near the altar of the country, surrounded by their ministers, by the great civil functionaries, the generals, and the whole garrison of the capital."

Unhappily, when we arrive at the Revolution of 1848 and the Louvre as it exists, the subject is swamped under M. Jeanron, and we not only have whole chapters on his zeal, ability and services, but whole chapters of M. Jeanron's opinions on picture-cleaning, picture restoration, and other matters and things out of all proportion and character in a work which ought to have—and has—other and higher interests.

There has been no attempt, Mr. St. John assures us in his Preface, "to supply the place of a guide-book or a catalogue"; and therefore, perhaps, the information and criticisms on Art which it contains are fitfully disposed, and not equally proportioned. The authorities quoted

are not many; good use, however, has been made of the volume on David, lately published by M. Delécluze, (to which we may on a leisure day draw the reader's attention). Mr. St. John is also under obligations to the pleasant volume by M. Viardot, noticed in the *Athenæum* a week or two since.

#### THE WAR.

Not in direct relation to the War, but bearing on subjects connected with it, Lord De Ros's *Journal of a Tour in the Principalities, Crimea, and Countries adjacent to the Black Sea, in the Years 1835-36* (Parker & Son), is a volume of considerable interest. The tour was made twenty years since, when the British Government, suspecting Russia of warlike designs, commissioned Lord De Ros and another officer to examine the regions lying round the Euxine, and to ascertain whether the fortresses, garrisons and arsenals exhibited signs of unusual preparation. We have to pass over much familiar ground before reaching Odessa; but the narrative becomes practical when we enter on the Steppes, and trace the line of the military colonies thence to the interior. These colonies guard the neighbouring frontier, and maintain a force in readiness to be moved on Galicia, and down to the Dnieper plains, to which the Poles point when they talk of their white and crimson flag. At Mirgorod 6,000 lancers inhabited the cottages; at Kiew a large dépôt of arms existed, and though the weapons were old-fashioned, they were of excellent make. Russia, however, has adopted many improvements within the last ten years. Vast fortifications were then in progress in Kiew, in order to render that place a military centre, and to threaten the disaffected spirits in Little Russia. Nicholas arrived the day after Lord De Ros, and received him courteously though his objects were known. One of his own captains, however, had just completed an inspection of the war establishments in England by sea and land. When Lord De Ros, at a review, admired a squadron of heavy cavalry, the Emperor said, "Tell my friend, Lord Palmerston, that I have three hundred like it." In these colonies alone there were 27,000 of such troops.

Had Lord De Ros foreseen the important part to be filled by the Crimea within a few years, he would not have contented himself with the following laconic entry:—"Nov. 2.—We breakfasted at Perekop at 5 A.M., the entrance of the Crimea."

At Simpheropol he came and went, and at Baktchi-Serai he noticed only social aspects. In Sebastopol he put up in an admiral's quarters—perhaps since erased by shells—and having visited Anapa, Yenikale, Kertch, and other spots of late renown, returned to inspect the vast fortress and its external works. The contrast suggested between his view of Sebastopol as it was twenty years ago, and its unparalleled capacities of defence as proved in our day, is remarkable.

"As far as it has yet advanced the execution of the lines is excellent, but it must have proceeded very slowly, for some of the bastions are yet unfinished, the martello tower at the extremity, and that at the head of the south harbour, are scarce begun, and the connecting lines or curtains merely traced out, though three years have elapsed since the work began. The extent of the entire line is about four English miles and a half. It may be remarked that these lines appear rather an obvious measure of precaution for the security of a place containing such vast stores of naval armament, than any extraordinary military work, nor, in their present state, are they of sufficient strength for this purpose, without a strong garrison, besides the large force of sailors (ten thousand) usually present in the port, but they certainly present great capabilities."

The fortifications of Silistria when Lord De Ros visited it presented a curious feature.—

"There was one old casemate in the curtain near the breaches, with the door walled up. \* \* When the town was taken, there were so many dead bodies lying about, that they had thought it shortest to put them in there, and brick up the entrance; the Turks having already devoted it as a receptacle for the multitudes who had perished, in the eighteen months' siege, of plague and cholera; it was believed that about eight thousand corpses were in that horrible place."

The Journal of Lord De Ros was rendered less valuable than it would otherwise have been, because he reserved his special military observations for his official report. Nevertheless, it throws some light on the organization of the resources of Southern Russia for martial purposes, and on the rate of progress attained.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Jealous Wife.* By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—The character of Ida Trenanion, the jealous wife, is well grasped, and drawn with a truth that contrasts strangely with the weak, diffuse, and watery dialogues which no human being ever did or ever would utter under any circumstances whatsoever. The gradual gathering and final outburst of the wife's insane jealousy—her re-action of remorse for her injustice, and her helpless relapse into self-torture—are well described; but the integrity of all the other characters is marred by the reckless introduction of any quality, however incongruous, that may chance to come to hand to explain some passing or trifling incident. Miss Pardoe prefers to improvise a crude, rash assertion about her most important characters than to be at the pains to work out her incidents in a workmanlike manner. Her book is consequently untempered and ill put together; it is plastered with arbitrary assertions to conceal the ill-fitting of the incidents and the incompleteness of the story. Industry and patient care are sound homely qualities; but it is only inferior artists who refuse to recognize their importance, and who prefer a patchy, sketchy cleverness, which disfigures their lack of skill and strength to produce a "finished work." We fear we must place Miss Pardoe in this latter category.

*The Rival Roses: a Romance of English History.* By the author of "Royalists and Roundheads." 3 vols. (Skeet).—Historical novels are not to be lightly encountered this weather. "The Rival Roses," however, has a vein of incident and adventure of the Radcliffe School, quite independent of its claims upon the History of England. The various characters employ their time, for the amusement of the reader, in running about subterranean passages, and stumbling upon unutterable scenes of mystery in convent vaults, moated houses, and lonely ruins. The hero and heroine pursue each other like Harlequin and Columbine in a Pantomime, and the heroine is always spirited away when just within his grasp, until the very last chapter, when we are happy to say they dissipate the evil spell by marriage, which enables them to live happy ever after. The dresses and decorations are somewhat spick and span for such troublous times, and everybody walks about in a profusion of jewelry which is quite dazzling. The scenery, the weather, the sun, the moon, the stars, the land and the water, are each complimented with separate descriptions upon every occasion, and should the individuals of the story be at the moment too ill or too occupied to attend to the prospect before them, the reader is nevertheless carefully informed of all they would have seen if they had looked. So many descriptions of everything in general and in particular we never met with before: they are not badly done; but an impatient reader will be apt to skip them like hurdle fences which divide him from the story. Whoever wishes for a novel with plenty of incident will find their taste suited in "The Rival Roses."

*Our Boys: What shall we do with Them?* By G. E. Sargent. (Groombridge & Sons).—We confess ourselves disappointed in this little volume,

coming, as it does, "home to our business and our bosoms," and meeting us with the question which we often put to ourselves. Yes, What shall we do with our boys? We expect an answer to the question; but Mr. Sargent is unable to give us one, we fear; for after telling us to study "our boys" capabilities, inclinations, and abilities in the choice of profession or handicraft, and reminding us, somewhat ostentatiously, of the necessity for choosing one which is not "overcrowded with workers," he leaves us to discover at leisure which particular one is languishing for want of the great endowments and shining energies of our junior boys,—so that we are no wiser when we close the book than when we open it. More's the pity! What shall we do with our boys? is one of the questions we may still "ask of the hills."

*Cornell's Primary Geography, forming Part First of a Systematic Series of School Geographies.* By S. S. Cornell. (New York, Appleton & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.).—If our children do not grow familiar with geography, it will certainly not be for want of books and maps. We have Geography Made Easy to the understanding of the smallest prattler in the nursery; and we have Geographical Games by means of which the science may be learnt as a pastime. "Cornell's Primary Geography" is suited to children of rather larger growth. It is the first of a series of school geographies, which, the authoress remarks, "is the fruit of a necessity in geographical education that has been keenly realized during several years' experience as a public teacher." \* \* The maps and illustrations have been designed to accord strictly with the character of the lessons; being, so to speak, a gradually accumulating visible deposit in another form of the subject of each successive lesson, and nothing more." The pictures will be found useful, and the part called "Memory's Aid," or a list of the countries, seas, rivers, gulfs, bays, &c., on each map, will perhaps also be of service to the teacher, as it can be used as a catechism by which to ascertain the progress of the pupils. There is also a "Pronouncing Vocabulary of Geographical Names," which may be used in exercises. With such improvements in the class of books designed for the instruction of the young, teaching will soon become child's play—and learning, a youthful amusement.

*The Cape of Good Hope Almanack and Annual Register for 1855.—Companion to Almanack, Directory of Cape Town and Environs.* By B. J. Van de Sandt de Villiers.—This volume, with its accompanying directory, contains a Cape calendar, an account of public finances in the South African Colony, an abstract of weights, measures, mercantile and marine regulations, a statement of Colonial produce, a body of general local statistics, a list of mining and other companies, and a very interesting catalogue of South African forest trees and arborescent shrubs. The compiler has added a chronicle of the session of the Cape Parliament for 1854. This is scarcely so full as to be of much service, except for mere purposes of reference. We learn from it nothing of the spirit in which the new-born Senate deliberated, for there is not in the register any explanation of the ground on which the several acts of legislation rested. For example, the Foreign Reprints Bill to authorize literary piracy, is noted as it passed through successive stages; but the Almanack preserves none of the reasonings of its supporters, nor does it even remark on the amount or character of the opposition with which it was met. Such deficiencies take from the completeness of Mr. Sandt de Villier's compilation, which, however, as a local year-book is neatly planned and of practical utility.

*Notes on the Management of Chronometers, and the Measurement of Meridian Distances.* By Capt. C. F. A. Shadwell, R.N. (Potter).—Capt. Shadwell supplies a text-book for the use of maritime geographers, to whom he conceives chronometrical science is of the utmost value. His ideas, derived from experience, are combined with those of several former writers; and they are set forth verbally as well as algebraically, by arithmetic and by illustration. From his remarks, it appears that the chronometer is a companion which even a

scientific officer does not always treat with adequate respect; but his aim is not so much to correct the practice of the profession as to advance it towards higher results, especially in the perfection of maritime geography. And when it is considered, that an important series of calculations may be vitiated by the slightest inaccuracy of detail, by faltering manipulation, or by the least neglect, the importance of Capt. Shadwell's work becomes apparent. It is, indeed, an elaborate and well-constructed treatise, and is likely to become a manual among the more studious and intelligent class of naval officers.

*Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe; being Fragments from the Portfolio of H. B. Wallace.* (Philadelphia, Hooker).—M. Auguste Comte has lately published the elegies of his own philosophy, bemoaning the truth that no one has adopted his system who is likely to propagate it. There had been some in whom his faith reposed, but they have wandered to "pastures new," and deserted the last form of orthodoxy in France. So far has this defection proceeded, that M. Comte abandons "mere literary men" as incorrigible altogether. Nevertheless, in America, he had found a disciple, "one destined, without doubt, to become one of the chief pillars of Positivism," "the equal of the greatest American statesmen." This was Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, a Philadelphian barrister, and a favourite with Daniel Webster, who, after a career of much promise, died in Paris two years ago. His fragmentary pieces, on Art, on Philosophy, and on the Picturesque, have now been collected. The philosophical speculations, except so far as they relate to Art, are included in a rough draft of an essay on M. Comte, who, although he regarded Mr. Wallace as his "chief temporal patron" and "noble spiritual client," was not subsequently followed by him. Mr. Wallace attempted, for instance, to draw the line within which M. Auguste Comte "is an oracle, and beyond which he is a babbler." He wrote, also, "I find scarcely anything in Comte that was not before-hand in Bacon,"—valuing him as an exponent, not as a thinker. Art is treated in Mr. Wallace's essays as a religious emanation,—symbolical, not mimetic. It is considered in a series of practical and illustrative episodes which will be of interest, and perhaps of use to tourists. The style is elegant, fanciful, and easy, indicating an amateur's fondness for technicalities, but disfigured by no affectation. Mr. Wallace seems to have been an earnest student, with strong intellectual aptitudes, who yearned to be familiar with the works of pristine Christian Art as they exist in the churches and galleries of Europe.

*A Guide to the Knowledge of Life; designed for the Use of Schools.* By A. J. Mann, M.D. (Jarroll & Sons).—The work thus vaguely described is chiefly physiological. It treats of animal and vegetable organization and of the elements, but applies itself mainly to the structure and functions of the human being. We can scarcely guess how many schools are likely to adopt it as a class-book, not being aware how far the study of fat, blood, clots and corpuscles has been popularly extended; but we should say that it is too minute for the uses suggested by its compiler. Probably its notes on the preservation of health may be of some utility; but it is very questionable whether any other than medical pupils will care to follow Dr. Mann through his anatomical analysis of hepatic ducts, vital activities and follicles.

*Krasinski's Poland.* Part III. (Chapman & Hall).—In this part of his narrative, Count Krasinski introduces many curious and graphic details,—such as a sketch of early Cossack history, and an account of the Zaporoghes, a community of the Ukraine,—compared by some to the Spartans, and by others to the Knights of Malta. A detachment of Cossacks having been stationed below the catacombs of the Dnieper are said to have been forgotten by their Government, and to have colonized the waste. Many adventurers joined them, and their society was called by Poles "the sink of nations." Their organization, which was very remarkable, and their piratical enterprises in the Black Sea, similar to those of the Malayan rivers, are described on the authority of the Sieur Beau-

plan, who long served among the troops of the Ukraine. Count Krasinski thus begins to lighten his political story by the interposition of episodes at once instructive and picturesque. We have less fear, therefore, that it is condemned to unpopularity.

*A Glance behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France.* (Lumley.)—No determined Protestant need search this book for revelations of penance, forced seclusion, or of the thousand and one severities by which worldly maidens are supposed to be reconciled to a conventual life. The writer has been fascinated by the system of religious houses in France; he admires their objects, and envies their organization. Indeed, the purport of his book is to advise some modified scheme of retirement and routine piety in countries out of the pale of the Romish Church. With this proposal we cannot deal; but we may point to the volume as an interesting description of life and discipline in the religious establishments of France. At Douai the tourist visited the *Maison des Frères Rédemptoristes*, the church of which was designed by one of the friars—a self-cultured artist, said to be inspired by a wonderfully "true feeling in Christian Art." Three statues by his hand adorned the building, exquisite in attitude and character. We have not met with more impartial account of the economy existing behind "the Grilles."

*Who is "God" in China, Shin or Shang-te?* By the Rev. E. C. Malan. (Bagster.)—A controversial treatise in polyglot. The author's proofs are derived from the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Armenian, Georgian, Slavonic, Sanscrit, Zendic, and Scandinavian languages, besides minor dialects and the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Through such a medium, of course, the light of triumphant demonstration does not reach our minds. We are as helpless in Mr. Malan's hands as the poor woman to whom he incontinently alludes. She had been "sitting under" a rhetorical preacher, who uttered a discourse not only refreshing, but full of encyclopedic study. "Ah," she exclaimed, "that beautiful preacher! When he said *Mesopotamia!* it did me so much good!" In like manner, it does us good to see all Mr. Bagster's types in use to produce the text of a modern book; but we gather no more than that a fierce dispute rages on the question whether Shin or Shang-te is "God" in China,—that is, as we conceive, whether, in representing the Christian Deity to the Chinese, the word Shin or the word Shang-te should be employed. Mr. Malan, however, closes with his subject, and works patiently through a hundred records to prove that Shang-te is the name that missionaries ought to adopt. Occasionally, amid his Babel of divers, tongues, he amuses himself with comic figures of speech, and takes in smart bits of Sanscrit and Chinese as ballast for his fun. A humorous tail-piece is appended to the volume.

*Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social; reprinted, with Additions, from the Edinburgh Review.* By W. J. Conybeare. (Longman & Co.)—Though, from the nature of these Essays, they cannot be destined to any permanent literary position, they well deserved separate publication. The only circumstance that militates against their value, is the polemical and transitory class of discussions on which they bear. The essay on the Mormons, perhaps, may be excluded from this category; but the others—on the Welsh Clergy, on Church Parties, on Vestries and Rates, and on the Temperance Agitation—partake more or less of a fugitive character, and must lose their interest when a few years have passed away. In tone, in style, and in purpose, Mr. Conybeare's writings are admirable. Given that his theories are just, we could altogether approve of the manner in which he argues them. Perhaps no other volume contains more ample information on the state of the English Church, the balance of religious parties, and the ferment of ecclesiastical opinions which has long been observable in this country. Mr. Conybeare ridicules very successfully the extravagancies of the temperance movement, and quotes a speech by an "orator" who said he offered brandy to a dog, and then a cow, and a horse, and a pig, but not one of the animals would drink. It was only "man"

that would take what these brutes refused. The enthusiast who spoke thus might have asked a sow to pray or pay taxes with the same result; but he could never have felt the exquisite impudence of the French song:—

Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau,  
C'est bien prouvé par le Diable!

Mr. Conybeare exposes the desperate nonsense of many a Maine-law "oration," though, of course, he does not undervalue the practice of temperance, in advocacy, as in other matters.

We have two interesting reports—one of *The Acting Committee of West India Planters and Merchants*, and another of Sir C. P. Roney, M. A., Ross, and Mr. S. P. Bidder, *On the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada*.—A Comparative Statement of Railway Accounts for the Years 1853 and 1854 has been printed for private circulation.—Mr. J. S. Mayson has published a paper, read before the Manchester Statistical Society, on *The Malays of Cape Town*. This is a very curious and authentic account of that strange population, drifted from the east to the southernmost point of Africa, as it has been, across the Pacific to America.

To the stray fragments now being accumulated on the character and tendencies of Russian letters, we may add, *Notice sur M. Serge Poltoratzky*, described as "bibliophile et bibliographe" of Moscow. The "Notices" is extracted from Quérard's work on "Literary Fame," and contains a review of M. Poltoratzky's works. The Russian poet Derjavin's Hymn, entitled *God*, has been translated fifteen times into the French language, though by Polish, Russian, and German, as well as by French translators; and we have a criticism on the lyric, in its several versions, from Poltoratzky's pen, published by Brockhaus, of Leipsic.

Dr. R. J. Mann, the author of a work on "Popular Physiology," which forms part of "Gleig's School Series," has prepared a small reading-book, called *Lessons in General Knowledge*, containing twenty elementary articles on subjects connected with natural philosophy.—Ahn's Simple Method of Learning the French Language, adapted from the Seventy-eighth German Edition by C. Graeser, with a Key to the Exercises, by the same editor, is a good first book; but the plan upon which it is constructed is not peculiar to Mr. Ahn, though his present editor says: "He has bound together the materials discovered by Jacotot, Hamilton and Ollendorff with the mortar of his own invention, and has produced without plagiarism an edifice at once more commodious and elegant than any of his predecessors."—The satire of Butler in his "Hudibras" about the rhetorician's rules teaching nothing but to name his tools, is literally exemplified in *A System of Rhetoric*, by J. Stirling, D.D., which is simply a metrical explanation, in English and Latin, of the figures of rhetoric, with no direction as to their proper use. Besides containing much that is not worth learning, it is open to the charge of teaching false quantities in Latin.—As a means of learning to read German manuscript, we call attention to *Leiden und Freuden Felka's eines russischen Leibeigenen*, by Wilhelm Klauer-Klattow, the story of a Russian serf, printed in the style of German writing.—Mr. Tate continues his educational labours, having just issued a new elementary scientific work under the title of *The Little Philosopher; or, the Science of Familiar Things, in which the Principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy are Systematically developed from the Properties and Uses of Familiar Things*. It consists of three small shilling volumes, which explain the chemistry, mechanics, and physics of familiar things; and may be usefully employed as an introduction to science, being for the most part easy to understand, and well adapted to engage youthful minds. Mr. Tate is very happy in his choice of examples, though not always so simple in his phraseology as might be desired. The great charm of this work is in the number of easy experiments which it suggests and describes. No young person can read it without wishing to put its statements to the test of experiment, and he cannot perform the experiments without having valuable knowledge impressed upon his mind.

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Wilmot's Tribute to Hydrotherapy, 3rd edit. 32mo. 1s. cl.

#### LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand  
There sat a pilgrim-band,  
Telling the losses that their lives had known,  
While evening waned away,  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,  
Of a fair freighted ship,  
With all his household to the deep gone down:  
But one had wilder woe,  
For a fair face, long ago  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth  
With a most loving ruth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;  
And one upon the West  
Turned an eye that would not rest  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honours told,  
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more;  
And one of a green grave,  
Beside a foreign wave,  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,  
There spake among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,—  
"Sad losses have ye met,  
But mine is heavier yet,  
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,  
"For the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea!  
But, however it came to thee,  
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWNE.

London, July 2.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Civil List for the year is printed; and we will beg the attention of our readers to the astounding document. It comprises seven pensions. By a very good custom, the House of Commons sets apart yearly a small sum of money—1,200.—for the reward of services not otherwise provided for in the estimates. This money—or the greater part of it—has generally given to men of letters and science; to our Moores, Southey's, Wordsworths, Tennysons, Adams, Hood's, or to the widows and orphans of such men. We are aware that Literature and Science have no formal right over the whole of this vote; but we appeal to the House of Commons voting the money, and to the experience of its past distribution, in confirmation of our assertion, that Letters and Science have the rights of intention and usage over a considerable portion of it. This year, we are grieved to say, the right is in abeyance. Out of seven pensions granted, two only

are for literary service, and they are for the smallest sums in the list. The lion's share goes elsewhere. Mrs. Montague gets 300*l.*,—the daughters of the late Mrs. Ward get 300*l.*,—Lady Fullerton gets 200*l.*,—Mrs. Crafer gets 150*l.*,—Mrs. Moore gets 100*l.* Not one of these ladies, however strong their claims in other respects, has any connexion with Letters. Mrs. Kitto, widow of the Biblical writer, gets 50*l.*,—and Mr. Keightley 100*l.* Out of 1,200*l.*, which people imagine is to be devoted to the reward of genius, or to the protection of the orphans of genius, only 150*l.* have been devoted to its legitimate purpose! Surely this is not just.

Attention is called by the English Jurors now in Paris to the extraordinary beauty and interest of the collection in the Paris Exhibition as a whole, now that it has attained its full proportions. Disappointed with the half failure of the opening, too many of our countrymen have leapt to the conclusion that there is little to see in the *Champs Elysées*,—a very false inference, and one which the jurors feel bound to oppose. They declare boldly in favour of "the superiority of the objects exhibited over those of 1851"; and they call the earnest attention of our artists, manufacturers, and workmen to this fact. We can ourselves testify to the general truth of their assertion,—though we might have to qualify it in some few particulars.

On Wednesday the most successful flower-show of the season took place in the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park. The company was very large; and, the weather being magnificent, the music brilliant, and the display of flowers, fruits, and green-house plants abundant, the satisfaction was universal.

Next Wednesday the last floral exhibition of the year will be held at Chiswick.

The managers of the Royal Institution have elected Thomas H. Huxley, Esq., Fullerian Professor of Physiology to that Institution.

The Polytechnic Institution is constantly adding to its many attractions. On Saturday last Dr. Scoresby gave an account of the Arctic Regions, which was illustrated by the large collection of objects brought home from the far north by the care and zeal of the late Sir John and the present Mr. Barrow. The discourse gave much satisfaction, and the curiosities exhibited will doubtless attract the seekers after knowledge.

From America we hear, that Prof. Agassiz announces the publication of a great work, entitled 'Contributions to the Natural History of America,' to be embraced in ten quarto volumes of about 300 pages, illustrated by twenty plates. This undertaking will be commenced on the condition that the author shall receive the needed encouragement in the way of subscriptions.—The work will contain the results of the Professor's embryological investigations, embracing about sixty monographs from all classes of animals, especially those characteristic of the American continent; also descriptions of a great number of new species and genera, accompanied with figures, and anatomical details.

The vacancy in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, caused by the death of M. Léon Faucher, has been filled up by the election of M. Léonce de Lavergne. The selection appears to us to be a very good one, for M. Lavergne is the author of one of the best works we have read for some time on the Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland,—a translation of which—as our readers know—has lately been published.—M. Faustin-Hélie has been elected to replace M. Vivien in the Academy of Moral Science.

A valuable and curious library is to be sold at St. Petersburg. It is that of the Councillor of State, Liprandi, brother of the General of that name now acting against us in the Crimea, and consists entirely of works on Turkey, in which respect it may be called unique. It contains thousands of volumes, which for centuries have been withdrawn from the trade; besides a great many maps, plans, drawings, and manuscripts. It has taken the possessor thirty-seven years to collect this treasure, which by the latest events has acquired a still greater importance. We are not informed what induces M. de Liprandi to sell his collection, but we understand that many offers

from abroad were made to him formerly, which he declined at the time. Have the Russians begun to despair of Constantinople?

The German travellers, Dr. Moritz Wagner, of Augsburg, and Dr. Karl Scherzer, of Vienna, have returned from America, and are preparing for publication a work on the results of their joint labours,—two volumes of which (those referring to Central America) are already in the press. Herren Wagner and Scherzer have wandered through North America, from the estuary of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi,—through the five republics of Central America, from Costa Rica to the northern frontier of Guatemala,—and through the West Indian islands of Jamaica, Hayti, and Cuba. The total length of their tour amounts to 30,000 miles, which they have made in not more than three years. Besides very considerable geological and botanical collections, the travellers have also brought together some thousands of vertebrate animals, mostly birds and reptiles, and about 50,000 specimens of invertebrate ones, the fourth part of which is said to consist of quite new species.

We string together a few items of German literary intelligence:—Herr von Dingelstedt, we are informed, is about to write a History of the English Drama.—Herr Bodenstein is busy with a new Epic.—Herr Emanuel von Geibel has a new volume of poems, mostly ballads, in the press.

The following speaks for itself:—

"<sup>27</sup> Great James-street, Bedford-row, July 3.  
In your last week's number, in allusion to the visit of Her Majesty to the British Museum, to inspect the antiquities brought home by Mr. Loftus and Col. Rawlinson, you stated that she likewise inspected 'a series of drawings, made by artists on the spot, from slabs impossible to bring away from their ancient resting places.' You will be pleased to learn that forty cases of the finest of these slabs, together with the celebrated Sennacherib inscription, are now on their way to England, *via* Bushrah and the Cape of Good Hope,—being, of course, too bulky to bring overland. The whole of the remaining slabs—with one or two unimportant exceptions—are on their way to Paris. I may add, that it is to a happy idea of Mr. Loftus,—the conductor of the Assyrian Expedition,—that the two nations are indebted for a large number of these slabs. They had been exposed to the action of fire, were cracked, and otherwise severely injured. He invented a plan of entirely coating each of the ruined slabs with bitumen, which, though slightly increasing the weight, kept the several fragments thoroughly united, and rendered their removal as easy as that of the perfect sculptures. The French Consul adopted, subsequently, the same plan; and we can only regret that so many valuable works have been heretofore lost to us and to France through ignorance of so simple an expedient.—I am, &c.

"WILLIAM BOUTCHER,  
"Artist to the late Expedition."

The daily papers announce the death of Mr. John Black, who for many years occupied the responsible post of editor of the *Morning Chronicle*:—and also of Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, the well-known lecturer and traveller. We have so recently dealt with the autobiography of Mr. Buckingham, that our readers may be spared any further reference to the events of his life.

The veteran geologist, Mr. Thomas Weaver, died, at his residence, in Stafford Place, Pimlico, on the 2nd inst., in the eighty-second year of his age. The contemporary of Humboldt and Leopold von Buch, he acquired, in company with these illustrious men, his rudiments of mineralogy and geology, under the tuition of Werner, at Freiburg, having been entered on the books of that celebrated Mining Academy in 1790. Among his numerous memoirs published in the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' those upon 'The East and South of Ireland' are perhaps the most praiseworthy, for the service they rendered to the development of the mineral structure of that country. Mr. Weaver was, until within these few years, a frequent contributor to the *Philosophical Magazine* and other scientific periodicals. Amid the geologists of this country, no one was more distinguished for a kind and friendly disposition, which endeared him to all his associates.

The country papers record the sudden death of a self-taught and useful servant of letters—Mr. Fulcher. He was known beyond the little town of Sudbury, in which his life was past, as the author of some popular poems, and for twenty-six years as the editor of a Pocket-book of creditable standing among literary almanacs. He commenced life as a country tailor some forty years ago, when the means of mental cultivation were less

accessible to the humbler classes than they are at present; yet, with no patronage and little encouragement, Mr. Fulcher worked his way up, not only to literary accomplishments, but to pecuniary respectability and station in his native town, over which he presided as mayor for many years. In addition to his poetical works, we understand that Mr. Fulcher has left a life of his townsman, Gainsborough, all but finished.

The French journals of the week announce the death of Madame Emile de Girardin, with *éloges* of the deceased authoress; who may be commemorated as the literary woman of France next in distinction and next in genius to Madame Dudevant. Delphine Gay inherited her literary tastes and talents from her mother, Madame Sophie Gay; whose place as an historical and sentimental novelist is with Madame de Genlis and Madame de Souza, as a safe and sentimental, rather than a startling writer. Her daughter early became noticed as something more aspiring, more romantic, more brilliant. A volume of poems, and her own recitations from the same, invested her with such fame as belongs to a *Corinne des salons*:—her 'Lettres Parisiennes' were considered to substantiate her claim to the charm of prose style and readiness of *esprit*. From the time of her marriage with the well-known journalist, Madame de Girardin may be said to have had a Parisian *salon*, through which most European celebrities passed. The times are not favourable for constant intimacies and friendships to one in her position; who, moreover, like her husband, used the journalist's pen in aid of private sympathy and public partisanship. In the midst of this *salon* and newspaper life, however, passed in many conditions and under many dynasties, Madame de Girardin managed to cultivate and bring out her real creative powers, which were those of a writer for the stage. A tragic-comedy of hers, 'L'École des Journalistes' (showing, as M. Janin said at the time, an intimate acquaintance with the *kitchen of journalism*), was accepted at the *Théâtre Français* fifteen years ago, after having been read by its authoress to a full assemblage of the persons shown up and satirized; but Government stepped in, and would not allow Madame de Girardin to open "her school." Nothing disheartened, the intrepid Lady successively produced 'Judith,' 'Cléopâtre,' and for Mdlle. Rachel's express use and comfort, the repulsive 'Lady Tartuffe.' Good or bad, however, there was in all these plays something out of the beaten track,—that certain originality, which if it fight its way through the reluctance of managers and the indifference of the public, ends in endowing the stage with a stock piece or two, sooner or later. Such a work is 'La Joie fait Peur,' which succeeded 'Lady Tartuffe,' and to the health and strength of which, as a piece of pathos, we have borne admiring testimony. After this, Madame de Girardin was clever and various enough to produce that light and whimsical farce, 'Le Chapeau d'un Horloger.' The success of these works, we are told, had filled her with many other plans for the theatre, serious and comic, when her career was closed. Apart from her authorship, Madame de Girardin will be missed—perhaps as long as any brilliant woman can be missed—in Paris.

The unhappy Lady known to English society and to English letters as the Baroness von Beck is not allowed "the sleep of the weary" even in that dismal pauper's grave to which Birmingham hospitality consigned her. A passionate appeal is again made to the public;—a correspondence with Lord Palmerston is printed, with vehement annotation by Mr. Toulmin Smith;—and, to our consternation, we find ourselves thrust into a part in the painful drama for which we were totally unprepared. Mr. Smith, it would appear, some time ago, wrote to Lord Palmerston, demanding that he, as Minister, would publicly justify the proceedings taken against the Baroness:—grounding this demand, in part at least, on the alleged fact that the *Athenæum*—"the first to draw public attention to the matter"—had withdrawn its charges. We must, however, ask Mr. Smith's forgiveness for referring to our precise words [*Athen.* Nos. 1318 and 1319]. We have—unhappily—never seen

reason to change our opinion as to the illegality and immorality of the persecution of Baroness von Beck. We have never withdrawn any charge. We have said—and we have allowed Mr. Smith to say—that he, personally, was no party to the illegal and monstrous course taken at Birmingham,—to the secret warrant,—the feigned hospitality,—the consultations with the detective,—to the withdrawal of the curtain,—the midnight arrest,—the forced journey across country of a woman, sick, alone, a stranger, without accusation,—to the cruel incarceration,—and to the series of acts which terminated in the wretched Lady's interment—unheard—in a pauper's grave. But we have never said that all this was not monstrous and revolting. For the credit of the English Bar, we were glad to see proofs that Mr. Smith, a barrister, opposed this course of action—but we cannot withdraw our opinion as to the dread responsibility of those who so acted against his wiser counsel. Lord Palmerston refused to interfere: the business, he said, did not concern him. Privately, however, he made inquiry as to the assertion that Madame von Beck had been in the service of the Police Department of the Foreign Office:—when he found that she had not, though she had once offered her services and been rejected. With extraordinary perversity of logic, Mr. Smith affects to consider this statement conclusive as to the imposture. He says, "There, I told you she was a Spy!" Why, of course, she was a spy. She came to this country as the successful Spy. She was known in society as the Spy. She wrote her book as the Spy. "It is the cause, it is the cause" that makes the guilt. Lord Palmerston's letter helps to clear a point or two hitherto obscure. It effectually disposes of the accusation that she was once in the pay of the English police. Well, but she applied for service. Where? When? For what purpose? Granting for a moment—what is unproven—that the offer was made in London,—did she propose to supply the Foreign Office with information as to the intrigues of the Austrians and Russians, or as to the intrigues of the Hungarians? That is the question. On this point we have no clue to guide our judgment, save one—her offer was rejected! Not an indifferent circumstance.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.** Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission from Eight to Seven o'clock, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.**—The FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, close to Trafalgar Square, from Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION.** Pall Mall.—The Gallery, with a COLLECTION OF WORKS BY ANCIENT MASTERS and distinguished BRITISH ARTISTS, IS NOW OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**WIDOWS and ORPHANS of BRITISH OFFICERS who fell in the WAR WITH RUSSIA.**—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL DRAWINGS and upwards of 1,200 Works of Art, by Amateurs and others, and of the Fund for the relief of these most interesting objects of the country's sympathy, is NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON HOUSE, Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.—All the Works are for Sale.

**CHALON EXHIBITION, SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—This Collection of the Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches of the late JOHN CHALON, Esq., R.A., with a selection from the Works of ALFRED E. CHALON, Esq., R.A., IS NOW OPEN, at the Society's House, Adelphi.—Admission, 1s.

**GALLERY of GERMAN ARTISTS.**—The THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the WORKS of MODERN GERMAN ARTISTS, IS NOW OPEN daily, from 10 till 6.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.—Gallery, 163, New Bond Street, next door to the Clarendon.

**THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the FRENCH SCHOOL of the FINE ARTS.** IS NOW OPEN daily, from 10 to 6 o'clock, at the Gallery, 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera-Colonade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

**ADAM AND EVE.**—This great original Work, by JOSEPH VAN LERIUS, WILL REMAIN ON VIEW, at 57, Pall Mall, opposite the French Embassy, from 11 to 6 daily, until THURSDAY, July 19, when the Exhibition will POSITIVELY FINALLY CLOSE.—Admission, 1s.

**ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION,** 14, Regent Street.—Additional Pictures.—The English Mortar Battery, the Mamelon and its General; Pelissier's Night Attack, and Mr. Ferguson's New System of Fortification, and other Pictures; also the Diplomatic Corps.—The Lecture by Mr. Stoesser, Daily at 3 and 8.—Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s. Children, half-price.

**PANORAMA of SEBASTOPOL.** IS NOW OPEN AT BURGESS'S, Leicester-square, showing the Mamelon, Malakoff, Redan, &c., with the remaining parts of the other Batteries; also the Allied Encampments and combined Fleets; the BATTLE OF THE ALMA and the BERNESE ALPS are also open.—Admission, 1s. to each Panorama, or 2s. 6d. to the three.

## SCIENTIFIC

### SOCIETIES.

**ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE.**—June 27.—Sir J. Doratt, V.P., in the chair.—The following were elected Members:—The Rev. D. J. P. Drakeford, and Messrs. J. D. Lewis, J. P. Peachey, and R. S. Poole.—Mr. Vaux read a paper by C. W. Goodwin, Esq., 'On a Coptic Papyrus in the British Museum.'—Mr. Goodwin proved, by a careful examination of the fragments still remaining of this document, that it must have been a grant of land to some monastery, the name of which is now lost, and that it was written in all probability at Thebes, between the eighth and ninth centuries A.D. It is well known that all Coptic MSS. are extremely scarce; hence this one—though much injured by time, and imperfect both at the beginning and the end—has considerable interest and value. Appended are the names of several witnesses to the deed.—The Rev. Mr. Porter, of Damascus, subsequently gave to the Society a very interesting oral account of the present state of the neighbourhood of that city, and exhibited a map, beautifully executed by himself, of the district now called the *Hauran* (ancient Auranitis). Mr. Porter expressed it as his opinion that there were numerous sites around Damascus which would well repay a careful excavation.

**NUMISMATIC.**—June 28.—*Aniversary Meeting.*—J. B. Bergne, Esq., in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected as President and Council for the ensuing year:—President, W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., M.A.; Vice-Presidents, E. Hawkins, Esq., Lord Londesborough; Treasurer, J. B. Bergne, Esq.; Secretaries, J. Evans, and R. S. Poole, Esq.s.; Foreign Secretary, J. Y. Akerman, Esq.; Librarian, J. Williams, Esq.; Members of the Council, W. Brice, Esq., W. Brown, Esq., Major Cunningham, Bengal Engineers; Rev. T. F. Dymock, F. W. Fairholst, Esq., W. D. Haggard, Esq., J. Lee, Esq., LL.D., J. G. Pfister, Esq., Rev. J. B. Read, M.A., W. H. Rolfe, Esq., C. Roach Smith, Esq., H. H. Wilson, Esq.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—June 26.—Dr. Gray in the chair.—Mr. Sclater described four new species of birds from Santa Fé de Bogota:—1, *Nemosia abigularis*, a new Tanager allied to *N. flavigollis* (Viull.); 2, *Pyriglena ellisiana*, a species of ant-thrush;—3, *Anthus bogotensis*, the sole member of the cosmopolitan tribe of Pipits yet known from that locality;—4, *Otocoris peregrina*, the Bogota representative of the shore-lark of Europe. Mr. Sclater observed that the genus *Otocoris* was the only form of lark occurring in the New World, and the present bird the first of that genus noticed as an inhabitant of the southern portion of the continent.—The Secretary read a letter dated Manilla, March 3, from Mr. R. P. Napper, containing some account of the Philippine Water-Buffalo, called by the natives "Tamarao."—The Chairman called the attention of the meeting to the exuviae of a lobster and a crab shed in the Aquavarium on the 18th and 19th inst.—Mr. F. Moore read an abstract of a paper by Mr. B. H. Hodgson 'On the Geographical Distribution of Mammalia and Birds in the Himalaya.'—Mr. Moore also gave an account of some notes by Mr. H. Torrens on the native impressions regarding the natural history of certain Indian animals.—Mr. H. Cumming communicated a paper by Dr. L. Pfeiffer, containing descriptions of thirty-eight new species of land shells from his collection.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Zoological, 9.—Scientific.  
WED. Horticultural, 2.—Exhibition.

## FINE ARTS

**Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture.** By George Combe. Edinburgh, Maclachlan & Stewart; London, Simpkin & Co.

Aristotle believed the shape of the forehead was some indication of the intellect, and Shakespeare in 'King John' speaks of the brain as by some supposed to be

the soul's frail dwelling-house.

This belief is to be found in all ages. Phrenology claimed as a new discovery what was as old as the days of Avicenna and the Arabian physicians, and what was a favourite theory of Baptista Porta with his palmistry and gipsy science. The danger and charlatany of phrenology is, that it starts from certain opinions that we all hold, but attempts to widen them out into rules which we can none of us believe. Mr. Combe and his followers study anatomy, and yet are disclaimed by anatomists. They start from no surer basis of truth than the physiognomists, and yet insolently disclaim physiognomy.

We all allow that the brain is one of the great centres of the nervous system,—that a blow on the brain-case will often discompose some subtle machinery, and change the philosopher in a moment into an idiot. We see by portraits that wide or high foreheads are generally the characteristics of great men, and that the Hanover forehead, receding at forty-five degrees, is by no means the mark of intellectual greatness. Fools and knaves have generally foreheads "villainously low"; and too much thinking, like too much wine, brings a pain in the forehead. All these are undisputed facts, and were known long before Gall astonished England or Spurzheim Gaul.

The absurdity of Phrenology is the dogmatic severity of its allotment system, and its division of the brain into small plots of ground, to which the name of certain undetermined and unclassified feelings are attached. Several of these plots are still to be let, and the phrenologists are hesitating about one square inch of the cerebellum, as to whether it is the abode of,—we believe, a love of home or a love of travelling. It is not unlikely a civil war will break out in consequence of this uncertainty, and the head of Priscian be much contused.

Mr. Combe's book, it appears, sprang from certain contributions to the *Phrenological Journal* which attracted attention in Italy. What will men not believe who believe the Decree of Constantine and the infallibility of a Roman priest? Artists are not the most logical of men, and Italian artists are probably as credulous as they are imaginative. Mr. Combe follows his works to Rome, studies Art under Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Tait, and returns to publish and to preach.

In 1796, Dr. Gall began to lecture on phrenology at Vienna. In fifty-nine years the science has convinced many persons that the brain is the chief organ by which the mind acts; and it has done little more than this. No one can stop for a moment from reading or writing, and think, without feeling that it is in the head that the thinking is chiefly working, though a blush of self-reproach will flush the toes, as well as the forehead or cheek, and though fear or anxiety will derange the digestive organs. Most people think Lord Jeffrey too severe in his early strictures; and Sydney Smith himself is now known to have written of phrenology as a thing not to be thrown down with a breath. There is hardly such a thing as a lie:—a mere negation of truth. What are called lies are adulterations of truth; and it is the presence of this grain of truth, with the smallness and the want of vitality of the grain, that renders phrenology so useless. The folly of the thing lies in supposing that the discovery has placed the human mind in Mr. George Combe's hands as a substance to be manipulated on,—that Hodges can be cultivated into Solons, or that a man can be taught to restrain his passions by bandaging his cerebellum and holding up his "Veneration." If the metaphysician can once examine the principle of veneration, and show that such a feeling is really composed of several distinct faculties—a part perhaps of No. 21 and a corner of No. 23—and is, in fact, altogether a composite feeling, the whole nomenclature of the German school is upset.

Mr. Combe begins his book, which is well written and free from verbiage, with a chapter on "The Sources of Pleasure derived from the Fine Arts." In his first argument we are happy to agree with him. He shrewdly enough divides artistic powers,—any one of which, if large, is sufficient to make the great artist,—into the power of seeing form, colour, proportion and composition.

A work that possesses indications of being executed by an artist, abounding in any one of these faculties, would be a great work; though a picture may be well drawn, well composed, well coloured, and well proportioned, and yet display no thought or creative power. Without ideality, the artist with large form, size, or colour, though he may draw and colour with genius, will not necessarily seek for the utmost beauty of form or colour. It is the undying aspiration for unattainable perfection that reveals the presence of true genius.

Mr. Combe's axiom is, that artists should study Phrenology, in order to learn to draw the head. For want of phrenology, the old masters, it appears, fell into grave errors; although Raphael, with prophetic instinct, occasionally seems to have anticipated the science by his strict adherence to its laws. The 'Venus de Medicis,' the author says, has an idiot's head and an angel's expression. Mr. Combe continues:—

"Raphael, by means of that wonderful instinct, or accuracy of observation, which led him so generally to truth, seems to have felt this connexion: for, as a general rule, he bestows amply-developed brains on those characters to whom he attaches interest and importance in his pictures. Occasionally, but rarely, he fails to observe this rule. Andrea del Sarto, on the other hand, occasionally paints saints and patriarchs with brains below an average in size; and the diminished expression of mental power and dignity is at once felt, even by observers who do not know whence the difference between the effects of his and those of Raphael's pictures proceeds. This, however, is only one cause of their inferiority; but it is a marked one."

Mr. Combe is hard to please, for he can never see a statue but he must at once fall to measuring the head and examining its marble bumps. At Rome, he saw a group of 'Hero and Leander.' Hero was beautiful; but her phreno-progenitiveness was too large, and her adhesiveness deficient. In Raphael's 'Esposal of the Virgin,' however, the great precursor of Spurzheim has represented the amativeness of the due phrenological size.

The following is a sample of this new school of anatomical criticism:—

"To represent strong Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, Conscientiousness, and Firmness, the top of the head, or coronal region, must be drawn high and arched; and if we desire to add to these the qualities of prudence (Cautiousness) and strong sensibility to the sublime and beautiful (Wonder), this region must be extended in breadth as well as in height. There is a rule of Art, borrowed from the Greek statues, for representing a high character, namely, to draw as much head above the axis of the eyes as there is face below that point; but this affords an approximation only, and not a perfectly correct guide to nature. The head may be high above the eyes, from a great development of the intellectual organs, without a corresponding development of Benevolence. An admirable illustration of this is presented in the head of the Jew in Titian's picture of 'The Tribute Money.' He is asking, 'Is it lawful to pay tribute to Cesar?' The question was put with a deep but immoral design, to entrap Jesus into sedition. Titan has given to the questioner a large and high development of the intellectual organs, with a relatively shallow or flat coronal region, indicating intellectual vigour, with inferior moral emotions."

All great pictures are, it appears, strictly phrenological,—as, for instance, Da Vinci's 'Last Supper.' Our Saviour has large cautiousness, secretiveness, benevolence and veneration,—Judas has a large cerebellum,—St. Peter a great development of combativeness and self-esteem,—and St. John a preponderance of the moral and intellectual organs. It is always the same. Even Salvator Rosa (though Mr. Ruskin does not hold him to be a great man) had discovered the same truth, just as Huss and Wickliff anticipated Luther. On this painter's picture of the 'Conspiracy of Catiline' Mr. Combe, with unkind exultation, reports that, "Here is not a well-developed anterior lobe, or coronal region, in the whole group." Mr. Combe waxes positively violent when he discovers, at Florence, a picture of 'Lot and his Two Daughters,' with the two daughters represented with excellent moral and good intellectual organs. Another foolish artist has united in the same head enormous destructiveness and large reflective faculties.

As we might expect from a deep, though fanatical observer, we occasionally find wise passages in Mr. Combe's book. Here are some excellent thoughts on the incongruities of body and mind, often crowded by careless painters into the same figure:

"The condition of the stomach, liver, intestines, and other organs of nutrition situated in the abdomen, is the source of important characteristics in the organism. Inertia of the digestive organs will render the action of the brain, thoracic viscera, and limbs feeble, even although their size be large; and the consequence will be a peculiar

distressed, restrained, and undecided expression communicated to the whole figure. The artist who relies on uneducated tact and empirical observation will experience difficulties in imparting the expression of these characteristics faithfully to every portion of a figure. I have seen an artist combine a small thorax and abdomen with forms, textures, and colours in the muscles and skin which were incompatible with them; on other occasions I have observed that the condition of these organs faithfully represented in the countenance, but altogether overlooked in the texture of the muscles and the character of the limbs: occasionally the expression of strong digestion is given when the artist means to represent the characteristic effects of large lungs."

The phrenological comparison of the Greek and Roman head is worth consideration:—

"The Greek head, as represented in the Greek statues in the Vatican, differs widely from the ancient Roman head, as portrayed in the busts and statues of the emperors and of distinguished men. The Greek brain was not so large as the Roman, indicating less general mental power; but the moral and intellectual regions were considerably larger, in proportion to the animal region—bespeaking a greater susceptibility of refinement and civilization, and also (if the foregoing principles are correct) a more beautiful and graceful development of bodily forms and proportions. These Greek works appear, in many instances, to represent individual nature—of the highest order certainly, but still individual, and closely true to individual character. It is worthy of remark, also, that there is a palpable similarity both in size and form, between the heads of the distinguished men in the Greek statues, and the highest specimens of the ancient Greek skulls in the collection of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. History makes us aware that the Greeks surpassed the Romans in elegance and refinement; and that the bloody combats of gladiators were unknown among them as native sports. In accordance with the character of their heads, their great men stand before us in the Vatican, noble and graceful in attitude, chaste and expressive in the forms of their features, limbs, and trunks; slender, yet not feeble; and with drapery adjusted in accordance with all these attributes of mind and body."

The qualities requisite for a great artist are boldly laid down by Mr. Combe, who might, we think, confer a great boon on the world by visiting—say the Royal Academy, and, after various manipulations, inform the public what Academicians Nature has prohibited from ever becoming good artists. A man must be of a nervous, or nervo-bilious, or nervous-sanguine temperament, and by no means Dutch or lymphatic,—(what were Teniers and Ostade?). He must have size of brain to give power; he must have form, size and colour, constructiveness and imitation, secretiveness and ideality: and these facultics must be in harmony. Now all this is very well, for any one may see that there is a peculiar artistic physiognomy not universal, but general. The brain rolls out over the eyes,—the eyebrows are elevated rather than depressed,—the look is of wonder and observation rather than of reflection,—and there is in the face more of the vague blandness of ideal pleasure than the painful concentration of logical thought. But still who may detect all the complications of physical and mental organization, and their mutual effect upon each other? The lungs may be small, and the vital power deficient, though the brain is large. The brain may at an early age have impaired the digestion, and the temperament may be indolent and relaxed. A careful phrenological examination of Raphael's head, indeed, shows that even according to Mr. Combe his greatness depended rather on a combination and harmony of organs than on the peculiar size of any one. Therefore, size will not prove mental greatness; and the balance of organs no manipulator can thoroughly ascertain.

But in spite of this power which should, according to Phrenology, have made Raphael's works as infallibly perfect as man could make them, and in spite of his instructive pathology, Mr. Combe falls at loggerheads with the Cartoons. Barnabas, he says, has too large a cerebellum, and the drapery of St. Paul at Athens is in discordance with the air and attitude of the speaker.

Mr. Combe's powers of artistic criticism may be best judged of by considering his opinions of several great works. Michael Angelo's Torso seems to him full of mental life,—as they say at Billingsgate, "all alive." His head of Moses resembles that of an angry satyr, when viewed too near; Canova's Pope Clement XIII.—and figure of Religion is deficient in energy, sensibility and nervous life;—the Dying Gladiator has a head and body that do not match;—the limbs of the Antinous are not expressive;—the expression of the Apollo is undefined, the cheeks are deficient in nervous life: intellect and moral sentiment are wanting. Such are Mr. Combe's oracular sayings;

and by them we are willing to let Phrenology rise or fall. To use the words of Luther:—  
Ist Gottes werk es wird bestehen,  
Ist's menschen werk wird untergehen.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Twa Dogs.—Jack in Office.* Painted by Sir E. Landseer. Engraved by C. G. Lewis. Gambart & Co.

THESE two prints are among Sir E. Landseer's happiest illustrations of any poet, engraved by Mr. Lewis—from larger plates, we think—in a manner that combines vigour and delicacy. The Twa Dogs are Burns's dogs, whom the bard selected as types of their respective class:—the well-fed, benevolent-looking setter, and the strong, wiry, keen-eyed sheep-dog,—his white teeth glancing along his shark-like jaws as threateningly as guns from a row of portholes,—his eye ready to kindle at a stray deer, and evincing a creature who has had to rough it in the world and to grapple with daily difficulties. His sleek fellow is a philosophical viewer of mankind, bearing his collar with dignity, ready to yield all fitting service, and yet brook no indignity. The background is a Highland lake, with wood-fringed mountains rising skyward. In the foreground some foxgloves shake their bells at the foot of a rough pine, the bark of which the deer have frayed with their horns. The air of mute dialogue is well kept up between the dogs; and the animals assume quite an historical character. The light breaks softly behind the mountains, and streaks the water with bright furrows.—'Jack in Office,' though with more humour as a story, is in some degree marred by the error into which even Sir Edwin Landseer falls when he attempts to pourtray the passions of men in the bodies of animals. The faces are too human in their expression, and the effect in one or two places sinks almost into caricature. The picture is a well-known one. It represents a bull terrier guarding an absent costermonger's dog-meat barrow, which is moored under an archway in some old cathedral town. Four dogs surround the basket with wistful and hungry glances, but cower before the canine tyrant's angry and vexed scowl. What bare-backed cur could pit himself against that brawny and deep chest, that pile of neck, and that broad, firm-set jaw? The bulgy hat, the scales, the horn with the skewers, and the broken pipe, heighten a scene that contains as much observation and humour as an Ostade. What can surpass the awe with which the Scotch terrier has unconsciously fallen to begging at the sight of that grim guardian of the throne, or the silly look with which the broken-down pointer, with the rope round his neck, is eyeing the meat in the plate? Sir E. Landseer has done as much for animals as either Æsop or Martin (of Galway). The glimpse of the town through the arch is full of poetry, and furnishes a fine contrast.

#### Peasants going to Market.

THIS print, done in chromo-lithography from Mr. Gilbert's pretty picture, has been executed for distribution among the subscribers to the Glasgow Art-Union,—and is of that broad, showy kind of Art-manufacture likely to find favour with such a public. The work proceeds from the establishment of Mr. Vincent Brooks, and, so far as the rendering of the painter's idea goes, is creditable to that establishment.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Three of Martin's greatest pictures, after much noisy puffing in the City, have now moved westward, and are exhibiting in the Hanover Square Rooms. 'The Great Day of Wrath' seems to us by far the best. 'The Last Judgment' is full of feeble and mannered drawing; and 'The Plains of Heaven' is too material for anything but the Elysian Fields. With all respect for the memory of Mr. Martin—for his imagination and his religious feeling—we could not resist smiling at the tide of incongruous heads floating along the foreground of 'The Last Judgment,'—bag-wigs, ruffs, and a variety of feeble and stiff portraits, from Franklin to Raphael. This picture has all Barry's faults, with little of his genius. Mr.

Martin's Heaven is a place of blue sky, blue water, and many acres of roses and peonies, all of which might be lotted out in a small catalogue, in spite of the appearance of infinity, in which the poet-painter delighted. The most conspicuous thing in his Paradise is a cedar of Lebanon,—a tree of a high latitude and rugged climate. For Mr. Martin's angels, with crowns that match each other so well—six on one side and six on the other—we care nothing. It is in darkness and storm-twelfths that the painter excels; in nations driven down abysses, and the white shafts of the lightning plunging amongst them; cities shaken from the rocks; mountains falling; the earth splitting into gulphs; and everywhere, from the furthest horizon, myriads blackening the plains; tormented by fire, pursued by thunderbolts; riven, scattered, smitten, blasted, like autumn leaves before the typhoon. Mr. Martin knew how to express the insignificance of the unit Man in the presence of Nature; and all his pictures are but the expression of the contrast of finity with infinity.

The *Scotsman* announces that Government has agreed to give a further sum of 10,000£ towards the completion of the Art-Galleries on the Mound, upon the understanding that the Board of Trustees shall also give an additional sum to finish the building and approaches. The amount already expended is 40,000£., of which 25,000£. was received from Government.

At the Architectural Museum *conversazione* on Monday, the Report that was read claimed for the institution the first public and systematic step taken to improve Art-workmen, and to re-unite the long-divorced arts of Painting, Architecture and Sculpture.

A vitreous enamel to protect iron from oxidation has been discovered. No heat, acid, or manual violence separates the iron and its covering. It will be used to line gas-pipes, cover roofs, and sheath ships.

A very interesting series of sketches, by Mr. J. F. Lewis, were sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson on Thursday. Full of national feeling, the views in Spain were also remarkable for their taste of drawing and taste in colour. The Greek scenes were interesting, for the care with which the strange costumes were given,—the scarf, the kilt, the flowing robes, such as Aspasia may have worn,—and the head ornaments, such as may have adorned Lais or Phryne. The old Greek heart, we fear, will never beat under the old dress, in a country where the brave men turn robbers; the wise, fraudulent merchants; and the acute, the parasites of a ridiculous court.

It appears, by the result of the examination of 1,000 specimens of Photography sent for exhibition to the International Photographic Society of Amsterdam, that 15 silver and 25 bronze medals have been awarded:—7 of the former to French, 3 to London, 3 to Prussian, 1 to Saxon, and 1 to Dutch photographers. Fourteen of the bronze medals were awarded to French artists.

Sigñor Monti's Lecture on Sculpture, that was announced for last Wednesday, was adjourned till next week, in consequence of the crowds and window-breaking in Marlborough Street, where the lecturer's studio is situated.

A Lyons gentleman, named Petit, has, according to a newspaper of that city, discovered a method of impregnating raw cocoon silk with gold, silver, iron, and other metals, so that the silk may be at once woven into stuffs partaking of the metallic character imparted to the cocoons. The experiments have, it is added, completely succeeded, and specimens of these novel fabrics will be forthcoming to the Paris Exhibition.

We hardly ever open a German paper without reading of some public acknowledgment to Art. The King of Hanover has just bestowed the Guelph Order on two artists, Frederick and Riepenhausen.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, PATRON.—WILLIS'S ROOMS, TUESDAY, July 10.—LAST MATINÉE.—Quartett, No. 22, in F, Haydn; Duet in A, Op. 69, Piano and Violoncello, Beethoven; Quartett in E minor, Op. 44, Mendelssohn; Air varié, Pianoforte, Mozart. Executants: Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti. Pianist, C. Halle. Members are requested to bring their Tickets. Admissions for Visitors to be obtained at the usual places.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the season was held on Wednesday. We are glad that these ill-managed meetings are over, though the book of the words states that "the Society feel bound to acknowledge the gratification which they have derived from the invariable success which has attended their efforts." The "subscribers" are apprised, that the entire proceeds of the season have not yet been ascertained, the accounts of the first three concerts alone having been balanced." They are reminded of "the illiberal opposition of a single journal," which "thought it proper to question" the Society's designs "in the most unjust and rancorous spirit." They are told, in mystical language, that "the necessity which exists, by order of Government, for devoting a portion of the receipts of most artistic performances to the poor, in France, and other Continental countries, has been voluntarily rendered by the New Philharmonic Society."

The last is an unfortunate allusion. The amateur has only to read the concert-notices of any month in Paris, to learn from them that the concert, as an entertainment, is becoming defunct in France, owing to the enforced pressure of the charities on its receipts; which "necessity" Dr. Wyld's Society "volunteers to render." In taking leave of the season, "unjust" though it may be, we must state our impression, that the excitement has already proved transitory at the *New Philharmonic Concerts*. We are "rancorous" enough to infer this from the increasing amount of empty benches at each succeeding concert, in spite of the real attraction, at the two last, of the presidency of a first-class conductor, M. Berlioz. Be the New Philharmonic Society, however, on the "velvet" of prosperity or the "sackcloth" of penitence, a fact or two which argue retrogression—not progress—are not to be gainsaid. The orchestra has not always been complete:—was not so for the performance of M. Berlioz's "Romeo" music. The amateur chorus this year incorporated with its orchestra has proved sound-satisfactory that certain choral productions selected for performance have been of necessity abandoned; while the music produced has not always been chosen on the grounds of its musical excellence. It is unpleasant to be compelled to illustrate, but we must appeal to the programme of the last Concert in proof of what we say, and recall to the self-gratulating Society the temper of a part of the audience towards a work which, we suppose, will figure in the book of its glories. The "features" of Wednesday evening's concert principally claiming specification were, the "Harold" Symphony, by M. Berlioz, in which Herr Ernst, like a thorough artist, took the part of the *solo viola*,—and a pianoforte *Concerto*, by Herr Henselt. The latter was new to us. We do not think it will ever take rank among the "old favourites" of the English amateur of the pianoforte. There is certain elegance in some of the phrases (especially in the last movement), but throughout there is a want of proportion between orchestra and solo, an enormous difficulty of passage without any result. Compared with this heavy mistake, the slightest *Concerto* of the elder world by Mozart, by Dussek—nay, by Steibelt even—sounds not merely solid in point of music, but brilliant as a piece of display. Herr Klindworth did his best with the *Concerto*,—but either he has not got "the range" of Exeter Hall, or else the passages cannot be "brought out" by any pair of hands, owing to the inexperience and pretension with which they are scored. The singers were Madame Bockholtz-Falconi, Madame Amedei, and Mr. Miranda, whose tenor voice is rising in esteem and bringing its possessor into occupation.

DRURY LANE.—In reporting the revival of Sigñor Rossini's lovely "Donna del Lago," we shall not treat "the cast" in detail, nor do more than state that Sigñor Flavio, as *King James*, did his best to be fascinating,—that Sigñor Armandi, as *Roderick Dhu*, succeeded in being fiercely stentorian,—and that Mr. Hamilton Braham has hardly weight of voice sufficient for "the heavy father," *Douglas*. Still less shall we animadivis on the orchestral and choral performance of the work. The theatre was full, the public was well pleased; and there are times and places in which

to preach is a labour.—But we have something to say concerning the American *prima donna*, Mrs. Lucy Escott, who appeared for the first time on the London stage as *Elena*, and who impressed us agreeably. Her face is pleasing,—she moves with ease and propriety on the stage. She attends to her by-play more dutifully than many *prime donne* do,—and is as tender and simple as "the Lady" should be. Mrs. Escott's voice, a *mezzo-soprano* of pleasing quality, appears to have been cultivated in a good school;—but it seems also to have been out-worn ere the process of cultivation was complete, and thus to have lost some of its first freshness ere the last finish had been given to it. She has caught up the style of a singer, without having attained executive perfection:—her *roulades* are not always sure, and her shake has something of *make-believe* in it. On the other hand, she may be credited with a certain satisfactory steadiness of phrasing effective in concerted music,—and with sufficient emphasis, as distinguished from force. While, to sum up, we cannot rate Mrs. Escott as a *prima donna* of the first class, her *Elena* establishes her as an artist who could be of great service to any theatre,—able to take first duties creditably, if she prove willing also to fill second parts excellently.—We cannot pass Miss Huddart's *Malcolm* without a word: being afraid that the applause which greets this Lady's low notes and energy of declamation at Drury Lane are spoiling her chances of completing her musical education, which has gone but a little way. A voice less evenly developed than hers is not before the public; and though the courage with which Miss Huddart dashes at every difficulty captures her audience, the difficulties are not mastered. The natural gifts which Miss Huddart possesses must be fatally impaired by any lengthened persistence in her present practice of counterfeit singing:—and better friends are those who tell her so than those whose plaudits animate her to an ambitious display of her imperfections. It is not will, but skill, that makes the artist.—We perceive that Mdlle. Bauer is advertised to appear shortly in "Der Freischütz"; and Mdlle. Favanti,—why must we say in her first, last, and only part?—in *La Cenerentola*.

HAYMARKET.—"Mr. Buckstone's Adventures with a Polish Princess," is the name of a phantasy piece produced on the occasion of Mr. Buckstone's benefit, and not intended for severe criticism. It is supposed to be a Dream, in which the manager believes himself to be travelling in Russia, and in danger of having his nose frozen while looking at a portrait of the Czar in a shop-window at Moscow, where he subsequently quarrels with several of his co-diners at a *table-d'hôte*, and eagerly takes flight for St. Petersburg. Here he falls into new perils, and is chosen by a Polish princess for a husband, in order to save her estates from the machinations of a Russian baron who had "marked her for his own." The Baron, intent on effecting a divorce, attempts first to frighten him, and ultimately to procure his banishment to Siberia, or his incarceration, or even his death. The puzzled Englishman attempts to run away, and is fired after by the Imperial guards. This occasions a change of scene, and Mr. Buckstone is shown awaking in terror from an after-rehearsal's nap in the theatre; but is well pleased to find a friendly audience ready to encourage his efforts, instead of the Russian police or military.

Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "The Busy-Body" has been revived, with some success. The drama has little merit, except as an example of the importance of action to an efficient stage-production. Character and dialogue are in this play sacrificed to bustle and situation. The manners must be taken for granted, as they are not rendered probable by anything in the work itself. Hence it is that little interest can be now taken in its persons, other than an antiquarian one, in so far as it reproduces the life and fashion of a past age. Sir George Airey (Mr. Howe) can scarcely find his representative on the modern boards; Sir Francis Gripe (Mr. Chippendale) is, in these fastidious times, a caricature of the avaricious

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and libidinous guardian ; and *Miranda* (Miss Reynolds), a lady of equivocal principles. But the part of *Marplot* (Mr. Buckstone) is one of those perennial individualities which may be found at every epoch. The curious, meddlesome character is one of natural growth, and independent of circumstances and customs. The most trifling amount of agency, however, is attributed to it in the plot, to which the hero is rather an ornament than a needless accessory. Mr. Buckstone had in it one of those ideas which he could impersonate without trouble, and the ease of his assumption is perhaps its greatest charm. In reducing the play to modern stage limits, the most violent expedients are dared, and the audience has to supply from imagination or previous acquaintance with the printed play the links that connect the scenes together. But in the scenes themselves there is so much that is provocative of laughter, that we forget in their enjoyment to account for their sequence. The revival will probably keep the stage for several nights.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—We hear on tolerable authority that a young lady of the Kemble family may presently attempt to continue the long career of service done to Art by those of her name, as a singer.

The Birmingham programme is issued. Among other engagements and arrangements for the Festival, the committee have engaged Mesdames Grisi, Castellan, Bosio, and Rüdersdorff as principal sopranos. Madame Novello not being accessible, and no other English Lady, it would seem, being thought worth engaging. The tenors are to be Signor Mario and Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Reichardt; the mezzo-soprano is Madame Viardot; the contralto, Miss Dolby. The basses will be Signor Lablache, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes. On the first morning 'Elijah' will be performed; on the second, Signor Costa's new Oratorio, 'Eli'; on the third, 'The Messiah'; on the fourth, 'The Mount of Olives,' Mozart's 'Requiem,' and a selection from 'Israel in Egypt.'—The three Evening Concerts are to include Miscellaneous Selections, including Mr. Macfarren's 'Cantata,' 'Lenora.'

M. Halle's third *Pianoforte Recital* was held on Thursday week, to such good purpose in every sense of the word, that another "by desire" will be given by him, before the close of the season.—Yesterday week, Mr. Charles Braham gave a Concert, after six years' absence from England. Our contemporaries credit him with six years' improvement, so far as the singing of modern Italian music warrants a judgment. We are now told that Mr. C. Braham is engaged at the Italian Opera at Paris for the coming winter.—Yesterday week, too, in the evening, a *Soirée* was held by the Bach Society.—Chamber-music has been given since we wrote last, by Herr Heinrich Werner and by Herr Lehmyer.

We perceive that Mr. E. Chipp has been appointed organist at the Panopticon, in place of Mr. Best.

The New York *Musical Review* announces that "Mr. L. Southard, of Boston, a young musician of great promise, who has recently published a Course of Harmony, is now engaged upon an opera, the *libretto* of which is founded upon Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.'" It is impossible to keep any account of the Opera companies and Opera speculations, which are announced as about to visit America, or the beginning and end of which are recorded in American journals. Mdlle. Hensler, one of the many students who have left the United States for Italian study, was about to appear on the 10th of last month, in New York, as *Linda*, in Donizetti's opera.

Among the signs of the times, the increase of amateur musical and dramatic talent, and its readiness in coming forward for the furtherance of charitable objects, is too rapid and vigorous not to claim a word of notice. In the columns of the same daily paper, we read of a coming performance in aid of a Sanitorium on the coast, directed by Mr. C. Dickens. As the play-bill is advertised in the papers to include a new drama, 'The Lighthouse,' with its original cast,—we may state,

that this drama—written by Mr. Wilkie Collins—has been described to us as rivaling Madame de Girardin's 'La Joie fait Peur,' and as having been acted with remarkable force and finish. Besides these *Sanitorium* theatricals, the amusements of next week will also include two representations, partly musical, partly dramatic,—the object of which is to make good the *deficit* to two hospitals, caused by the great bankruptcy which has just taken place. For one of these we have heard that a new play is to be written.—A fourth notification is going the round of our journals, to the effect, that the Princess Marcelline Czartoryska, who (we know) was considered by Chopin one of his best pupils, is about to give a *Pianoforte Matinée* at a noble house in London, for the benefit of a Polish charity. Those must be blind who will not see how universal is the change coming over England as regards the culture and practice of the Arts; and were not our public caterers curiously blinded in their adherence to traditions that have outlived those who originated them,—and did not our public candidates now gain money so easily, that study is too generally neglected by them,—there might be such a golden time, for plays and concerts, for those who make the first, and those who sing in the second, as England never saw.—After a while, perhaps, the dispositions which mark the movement may right themselves. We may again live to see, in our theatres, complete companies of well-bred ladies and gentlemen pronouncing their language with refinement and intelligence, such as our ladies and gentlemen may care to see and hear. Meanwhile, the phenomenon of so many amateurs taking drama and opera-music out of the mouths of professed actors and singers is a curious one.

The new play in which Miss Edith Heraud will appear at the Haymarket, will be produced on Monday fortnight. The subject of it is illustrative of the marriage law in the reign of Queen Anne, and is—we are instructed—founded on a story by Sir Richard Steele in 'The Spectator,' under the signature of Octavia, No. 322.

On Wednesday the "Author's Night," for the benefit of Mr. Saunders, duly came off at the Haymarket; and there was a good house. 'Love's Martyrdom' was performed with more care than usual, and the different omissions that have been made have certainly improved the general action. We had hoped, according to promise, to have witnessed the storm-scene, and thus have been able to record the effect of the full development of the hero's character on an intelligent audience;—but the purpose was abandoned, owing probably to some professional reasons which are readily conceivable;—our experience, therefore, of the play remains in the same state of imperfection as before, and the author's idea cannot be said to have been as yet exhibited in performance.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Recovery of Waste Places.*—The New Asylum for Idiots was opened by Prince Albert on Tuesday last. An address was read on the occasion indicating the progress of the institution, and showing its value to the unfortunate objects of its care. The building at Red Hill is finely situated, and has been erected at a cost of 30,000/. To complete the arrangements, however, for occupation, an additional sum of 10,000/- must be expended. It will then accommodate 500 inmates. It would appear that the friends of the institution have cause for congratulation in their generous work. Intelligence, order, and usefulness have been secured out of this most unpromising class of the afflicted. Many have made considerable progress in elementary instruction; and lady friends assure us that the articles, both for use and ornament, their handiwork, are highly creditable to them. Eight of these unfortunate persons have been placed in servitude, not by way of charity, but on account of their ability. We cannot but wish this important institution a long career of usefulness.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A Reader—G. A.—S. S.—G. B. P.—M. B.—J. E.—N.—Author of 'Olympus'—"A Greenhorn" (yes)—W. M.—D. F.—J. B.—received.

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